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LAST WORDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY MRS. J. W. FOX.

Blame her not, I charge ye. Nay, judge me not unkindly—
To me there cometh never the blossoming of Spring.
I hold it worth the losing, the love I gave so blindly,
But the days went by in shadow, and the birds had ceased to sing.

How could she know I loved her? the merry little maiden—
I never told her that my life was blighted by her smile.
How could she know my days and nights with thoughts of her were laden?
How could she know the silent man was worth her dainty while?

And yet, like to a lily that floats in quiet water.
She blossomed in my bosom, and I loved her from afar.
Knowing but the simple lessons her happy girlhood taught her,
I deemed her far beyond me, like heaven—or a star.

Yes, years ago, old comrade; but still in pleasant seeming,
Sometimes when twilight gathers, she pauses in the door.
Her soft eyes shine upon me, and, though I know it dreaming,
I hear the silken rustle of her robes upon the floor.

Last evening in the trenches—the work was hot and deadly.
The dreadful reeking vapors rolled up and hid the sun—
Before me, in the thickest of hell's fires blazing redly,
There came a shadowy presence, between me and my gun.

So, lying here quite helpless, I cannot choose but ponder—
Mayhap I lost the blossom because I dared not take.
Would she have loved me ever? my tired heart will wonder,
And I curse the coward tongue that could not silence break.

But then, perchance, 'tis best she never knew I loved her.
Some bolder heart has gathered and worn upon his breast
The flower of her beauty—and yet it might have moved her
To know the memory of her smile a soldier's life had blest.

Ah, well, 'tis better thus. The fever life is ended.
To-morrow there remaineth but a shattered, empty shell.
The pitcher goes no more, nor the bow again be bended.
And, holding fast your faithful hand, old comrade—all is well.

November, 1878.

THE NORTHGATE MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

His heart danced to the music of the merry polka that had followed the quadrille, and he looked on the brilliant concourse about him with a vague and dreamy pleasure. Some who saw him noted his good-humor and spoke of it.

"Ravenswood is enjoying himself," it was whispered as he passed.

In the radiance of this unaccustomed mood, the room, so to speak, could not contain him; the open air, as we know, is good for ebriety of all sorts, and he quietly sought the cool breeze without, and the starlight, which to-night was clear and beautiful. To go was easy; in such a throng the presence or absence of one figure was unnoted, even when so conspicuous as his, and very quietly he withdrew. Outside, over a contemplative cigar, he found his manager, Fred Meredith.

"Not tired already?" said that genial little fellow. "I thought you were having the jolliest possible time."

"So I was; but one wearies, you know, and I thought I'd try the variation of a smoke, like you, Fred," and he lighted up accordingly.

"The ball is a great success this year," said Fred. "I never remember it more brilliant. But it marks the end of the season, my dear Charles, and I am sorry, for I like this town. Pity it can't support a theatre the year round. You, though, I dare say, will be glad to leave."

"Why do you think that?" inquired Ravenswood curiously.

But the remark, made with a very grave face, was in reality only one of little Fred's jokes, and intended to convey just the reserse.

"Someone else I was thinking of," he explained. "A very beautiful young lady—eh? You seem to take some interest in a certain quarter."

But his leading-man did not follow, and Fred, clearing his throat, somewhat embarrassed, and looking up at the constellations, came back again to speak of the ball. For some time they talked about this, and then, the subject exhausted, Fred Meredith said:

"Queer thing that adventure Joe Butts tells."

Ravenswood's attention, wandering before, grew instantly alert again.

"I did not hear."

So Fred told the story of Joe Butts' visit to the old mill, which, after an had got about, Joe had imparted it in the strictest confidence to one or two, and the result was as usual.

"There is one thing clear," said Fred, whisking off his ashes, "Joe *did* see what he describes—two persons there; but nobody believes they were spirits, of course. But there is talk—lots of talk—and to put an end to it there is going to be a search."

"A search!" said Ravenswood, like a man a good deal astonished.

"A search, yes, all through," pursued Fred; "and I think it a very good idea, because it will forever put an end to this ridiculous talk about the Gladewater Mill being haunted. The property is in good condition, I am told—not a ruin, at all events—and ought to be occupied, and would be but for this foolish prejudice."

"A very ridiculous step, it seems to me," said Ravenswood. "Butts, I think, is about the biggest fool I ever heard of. The search will not occupy much time, nor be very fruitful of result, I imagine," he added, with a sneer. "A very thorough inspection of the rooms can be made in about twenty minutes."

"Yes, I know; but that is not the point—they are going to dig up the cellar."

Ravenswood burst into a fit of boisterous laughter.

"To find the skeleton, if there be any, of—who was it they say was assassinated there?—a French officer, I believe—or was it a British officer? Well, this is a little too ridiculous. When is the search to take place?"

"Very soon—I hardly know; to-morrow, perhaps."

"To-morrow? Did you hear that it was to be to-morrow?" Ravenswood inquired carelessly.

"I believe I did; I think someone said to-morrow. At any rate, it will take place soon; and the sooner the better, because there are a good many ignorant people in the town here who believe implicitly that there is something uncanny going on at that mill. I never saw anything myself, because I was never out there. What is your experience?"

"Mine?" said Ravenswood, surprised. "I never had any, either. I never was out there."

His companion looked at him oddly.

"Why, I heard you often went out there, and sometimes at night. Two or three people declare they have seen you there, and it is supposed, of course, that you were investigating, like Butts."

Ravenswood tossed away his cigar, and was silent a while before replying.

"Investigating?—not I. Not such a fool, I hope. But you know I do a great deal of walking—a restless devil—and sometimes I go out that way, though not oftener, I think, than in any other direction. I walk at night now and then, after the performance, because I am a bad sleeper, and, though I remember now being frequently in the neighborhood of the old mill, it never occurred to me to look for ghosts there."

Fred lowered his cigar and looked away dubiously, and then straightened himself and said with a sort of effort:

"Ho! Well, that's—that's odd. People will talk so—so recklessly."

"They appear to use my name very freely," replied Ravenswood. "I shall be tempted to hold some of them to account. I suppose you have heard differently from what I now tell you."

"Quite—yes; but it's of no moment. I—I heard you often visited the family who live within a short distance of the Gladewater Mill—Brownfield their names are."

"That is partly true. I *have* visited those people. They are very poor, and the daughter is in bad health—dying, I believe, and I go there sometimes on a mission of charity. One does not care about publishing such things. Such bounty as I can afford to give them they deserve. The house they live in is a miserable hole, and but for me they would not at times have had anything to eat."

"I see," said Fred. "It does honor to you; but, as you say, there is so much gossip."

So they talked a little longer, and the manager, having finished his cigar, bade a cheery good-night and started homeward.

Ravenswood's mood had changed; the conversation had left the sense of irritation. His movements, then, had been observed, and he could not tell or conjecture to what extent. On the whole, it was profoundly annoying.

Out of his reverie he was suddenly brought by the light touch of a hand on his shoulder. He turned, and behind him, in the clear starlight, he saw the pretty face of Bella Meredith—now pale and strange, almost spectral.

CHAPTER XIII.—COLLOQUY.

Thin and haggard she looked, unlike herself. Ravenswood half doubted his senses, and at first said not a word; then, with a gasp, he murmured;

"Bella!"

She smiled wearily and sadly, and extended her hand.

"Are you not glad to see me?"

Recovering, he took her hand and pressed it.

"Glad? Of course, Bella, I am glad—but this is so—so unexpected; I almost took you for a ghost. Your father was here a moment ago, and we were talking of ghosts, and, in fact, I have been nervous lately. You are well? But you look thin—you have been worrying; that is wrong. And when did you come? Your father did not say ——"

"No one knows that I am here."

"When did you come?" he repeated.

"Some time since; I don't know when precisely—the train was late."

"You have not been home?"

"No—not yet."

He was silent. Then he said in a slightly sterner tone:

"Very strange you did not go home, and very strange that you should come without warning me. You have not kept your promise to remain away until I wrote for you."

"Would you ever have written for me? I began to doubt that," she replied coldly, in a low voice.

"I intended to write to-night; and I don't chide you—it was well to come. I have a good deal to tell you. Shall we go up the street a little?" and he offered his arm. "You know the ball is in progress here, and persons are passing in and out."

After they had taken a few steps he continued:

"Yes; I intended to write you word to return immediately. I—I—a good deal has happened, and, though nothing serious, you understand, I have been anxious to consult you. I believe I have been a great fool, Bella."

She did not answer.

"I don't know why I ever began the folly I undertook, or had anything to do with it. People have been prying, and the secret is pretty nearly out, and I wish it were all known and over, for I am very tired. I have a great mind to confess everything to-morrow. The reports that the mill is haunted have spread everywhere; things have been seen there; and to-morrow there is to be a search. It is all over, I suppose, and I don't care."

"A search could be prevented," said Bella.

"How? And if it were, there would only be a postponement of what must come out, sooner or later."

"You are under obligation to keep it a secret as long as possible."

"But the revelation is only a question of time, and the circumstances are now such that any further delay is criminal. You have been away, and do not understand the situation. When I have told you, you will see that I am right. I am ready to answer for all."

Her next speech was uttered very slowly and with a peculiar distinctness.

"I think I understand the situation better than you imagine. I was in the cloak-room of the gallery to-night, and I saw all that took place on the floor below. I talked with the woman in attendance there, and they told me a great many things that have happened since my absence. You have lately become a constant visitor to the house of Dr. Thurlow, an intimate friend in the family. His horses ran away with him, and you saved his life, I believe. That was a very happy accident. I think I see very clearly why you do not care to preserve any longer the secret of the Gladewater Mill, although you are under obligation to do so."

"I am not. I have been doing a cruel wrong to keep silent so long, and every day's continued secrecy adds to my—my ——"

"Guilt, why don't you say? A very pretty change of views since the accident to Dr. Thurlow, with its consequences," she laughed, with a dreary sarcasm.

"You wish to quarrel, Bella?"

"You would like it, if it would benefit you; but it will not. You may have changed your opinions, but you cannot change your course without me. On the night of that unfortunate occurrence you made a compact with me, which you must keep. You did not know then, perhaps, what you know now, but it is all the same. I did not know, either; but I made the treaty with you, binding my fate with yours, and I took the risk, willing to share the worst. You know the terrible significance of the word accessory—that is what I was."

"Why did you take that risk?" he sneered, stopping and loosing himself from her, his handsome face white with anger. "It was very magnanimous—very honorable; if there should be *esclandre*, it will be a very pretty thing to confess."

"I know, Charles; but I could not help. I loved you so, and you were within my grasp. I was afraid it would make you hate me—and it has." Her voice broke, and he saw, in the clear starlight, the tears standing in her eyes. "No woman ever spoke so to a man before; it was the madness of the moment, and I could not do it again. But the gulf was crossed there, and I was on the other side, where, I tell you now, I shall stay."

There was something despairing and reckless in her tone, and I think he now for the first time realized the actual depth of that love she possessed for him. There was in her pale, thin face, and large eyes, wet with weeping, and the gesture of her hand, the aspect of a woman lost—and he was, perhaps, frightened somewhat; but he also pitied her, poor thing, knowing how true was every syllable she had spoken.

"Bella, it was great folly to let yourself care so much for a man like me," he said, approaching her again, and resting one hand kindly on her shoulder.

"As if I could help it!" she exclaimed sadly. "I don't know what to do—I have been sorely troubled, and people thought me mad. A complication like this, nothing in itself, may yet lead to endless misery. You see something of that already—why, therefore, should we any longer go on with such a foolish drama? I am willing—anxious—to expose all."

"And you and I?"

"Well, our compact was a piece of folly—let us view it as such."

"Folly now, it looks to you, because you are in no danger, or think you are in none; but it did not seem like folly that night. You were in terror, and you know why, and you thought the service I rendered worthy the recompense I asked. Charles Ravenswood, I know why that compact you made with me looks like folly—it is because you have fallen in love with another woman, whom you love as much as you despise me."

"I do not despise anyone, and not you, Bella. I wish you would tell me what you wish me to do."

"I cannot say it—you know I can't—but you understand what I mean, and perhaps by asking only wish to humiliate me the more."

"About that other you spoke of—who is the person you imagine I am in love with?" he asked, looking down at her with a sad sort of interest.

"Miss Thurlow. I have heard everything. I was in the gallery of the ball-room more than an hour, watching you both. O Charles! how differently you acted in her presence from what you do in mine! I read passionate admiration, love, worship, in your face then, as plainly as I read contempt and disgust now."

"Bella, you are not yourself to-night. You must go home and sleep, and to-morrow you will be calmer. I decline now to talk any further."

"You are impatient to get back to the ball-room," she said, her head uplifted, fiercely.

"No; I will not go back. I shall go to my lodgings. There is a great deal to think over, although I have pretty nearly made up my mind."

"That search must not take place to-morrow. I am not willing for the revelation to take place yet."

N. D. ROBERTS, MANAGER.

For Biographical Sketch See Inside Page.

"How can we prevent?" he asked, really curious.

"A tenant could be put there who would prohibit a search. You know the man."

She told him something in an undertone.

"I see—and it might have been done so at first. Well, we can wait—though, Bella, not much longer—for I am tired of so much mystery, and you have no idea how I have been annoyed. Come, you will let me take you home, and to-morrow, if you choose, we may talk over all this again."

She yielded now. If he had made up his mind, so had she; and as they walked together through the silent street not another word was spoken until they reached Bella's home, when they exchanged good-night and parted.

Ravenswood kept his word, and did not return to the ball, but went straight to his lodgings. He had, in truth, something to think over, although upon the main point he had made up his mind so firmly that nothing could shake it: he was determined to marry Rhoda Thurlow.

CHAPTER XIV.—PLAYING TWO CARDS.

Since the beginning of what he described as the complication he had not had so much courage.

"Bella, you are no longer as formidable as I thought you," he said, with a smile, as he threw himself in the easy-chair before the fire in his room, where he had spent so many hours in lonely and troubled rumination. He felt stimulated by what had passed; the future had not looked so easy since the beginning.

Next day, to the general surprise and disappointment, the search at Gladewater Mill did not take place. A very simple thing prevented it—the mill had been rented, with the privilege of lease. But there was something still more surprising—the new tenant was the man Brownfield, hitherto always supposed to be in the deepest depths of poverty. He had, however, paid two months in advance, with the offer of four if required, and, in short, this Belisarius talked with the confidence of a millionaire, and when the search was suggested looked threatening, and remarked that he had no terror of ghosts, and would not have his premises rooted up in deference to any popular delusion on that subject, no matter how well grounded.

This day there was a rehearsal at the theatre. Ravenswood arrived early; but all had assembled, and the proceedings began when Bella appeared. Greetings were exchanged with her friends, an account of her trip was given, and, other things then claiming their attention, she took her seat on a camp-stool in the upper wing.

It was not long before Ravenswood came over. He had a scroll in his hand—the manuscript of his part in the new English drama to be produced for the first time in Deddington—"Signals of Distress," enjoying a London run of some two hundred nights.

"I'm through for this act, and you look so lonesome, Bella—shall we talk? You are better this morning, I hope—your mind is clearer."

He leaned against the wing, looking down with a smile.

She did not answer; but it was not a sullen silence. I don't think she could trust himself to answer; she was biting her lip to hide its quivering.

"Not cross, I trust," he went on; "not impracticable, as you were last night? I have acceded to your request. Brownfield has the mill, and there will be no search to-day."

"I have heard," she said.

"Of course. Everybody is talking about it. They say Brownfield has come into a fortune—found a treasure somewhere. Ha, ha! He is as insolent already as if he owned Aladdin's lamp. Pity his triumph will be short-lived."

She glanced up.

"For," he continued, "I am precisely in the same mind I was last night. The Northgate mystery must come to an end."

She rose and faced him; pallid and stern she looked.

"What does that mean?"

"It means—I suppose you know what it means. I intend to set myself free of it—to break every bond that unites me with such a wretched folly."

"You will not keep your promise?"

"A heedless promise like that—made in a moment of intense excitement—a moment when I was not myself, and when I scarcely knew what I said? No. Most positively, no! You can never have thought it."

Without a syllable of reply, she passed from him and disappeared in the gloom behind the flats; the last glimpse of her face showed that it wore the pallor of death. He shrugged and pulled at his moustache, though a little nervously, and, in spite of himself, some misgivings filled his mind.

"She would hardly think of suicide," he said. "Too sensible a girl, in spite of her folly upon this one point. No; I quite put that out of my mind."

But he could not, and when he was called presently for the second act of "Signals of Distress" he found his attention wandering from the business before him, and more than once chubby little Ned, who was directing the stage, said:

"Please give us your attention, Ravenswood, or I'm afraid there will be an awful mess of this to-night."

Some twenty minutes later Miss Thurlow, sitting at the upstairs front window, saw the gate open and a veiled figure, walking rather quickly, approach the cottage and disappear under its hooded porch. Then, after a little, followed a message:

"A young lady to see you, Miss Rhoda."

"To see *me*? Are you sure? Mamma, perhaps, Rachel."

But Rachel the maid was correct.

"She said *you*—Miss Rhoda Thurlow, distinctly—and twice. A very clear, pleasant voice, and I couldn't possibly make any mistake."

"And you have no idea who it is, Rachel?"

"Seems to me I have seen her face somewhere before, but I can't tell where. A very pretty face, miss, but looks as if she was in some kind of trouble."

All sorts of conjectures floated through Rhoda's mind as she made her slight preparations at the glass before going down; but of course, in the absence of data, there could be nothing definite. And now she entered the parlor, and Bella Meredith rose, throwing aside the veil. The two women exchanged looks, lasting not more than a second; but nothing escaped that lightning-like survey, and Bella spoke.

"Miss Thurlow, I believe. I am Miss Meredith, from the theatre ——"

Rhoda recollected her instantly, and smiled.

"I have seen you very often, and remember you perfectly. Sit still, Miss Meredith."

But Bella did not resume her chair, nor did she answer the smile.

"I will not detain you many minutes, Miss Thurlow," she proceeded. "My business is very important, and I am afraid somewhat disagreeable, and but a very few words are necessary to conclude it."

Rhoda's first impression was that this mission must be connected with a projected benefit, or something of that kind; but was there not in the young lady's manner a gravity far too marked to admit of that construction? And those last words, were they not really ominous?

"I am quite at your service, Miss Meredith," she said in the same quiet voice.

Bella was reluctant to begin. She liked Rhoda—her first impressions were all favorable, and what she was about to do seemed cruel. Still, it must be done, and she said:

"I came to speak to you with regard to Mr. Ravenswood. I have heard that he has been paying his address to you, Miss Thurlow, and, indeed, that he is your affianced husband."

"How can anyone have known that?" said Rhoda.

"It is common rumor; that he has come here a great deal is at least beyond dispute. Miss Thurlow, my duty is a painful one; but you will forgive me when you have heard all. Will you answer that question? Will you tell me whether Mr. Ravenswood is your engaged husband?" She spoke in tremulous tones, her hands held out a little—almost pleadingly.

"Why should I tell you that?" said Rhoda, perhaps to gain time; she guessed something of what was coming ahead, and was frightened.

"Why? Because I also am his engaged wife, and I have a prior claim. Tax him with it, and he will not deny. I love him—I am miserable—think of the degradation I endure in coming here to speak these words."

"Are they true?"

"God knows they are true! I will go on my knees and swear. Charles Ravenswood promised faith to me which he intends to break—but you will not take him from me, you will not kill me?"

Rhoda looked at her strangely—very pale—as if she listened in a dream. She was thinking of another dream—one now broken forever.

"I will not take him from you," she answered very softly. "You need fear nothing from me, Miss Meredith. I have been deceived—no one but myself knows how much—but it is over."

She held her hand to her heart, perhaps to hide some great pain there, nothing of which, however, appeared in her face. Bella, with a woman's intuition, divined what this agony must be, and the fortitude required to sustain it without a murmur, without even a quivering of the lips.

"You do not blame me for coming to tell you this?" she said.

"No; I thank you—I thank you very much. You have done me a service—a great one—and I am in your debt."

No need to prolong the interview further, and Bella went to the door. Rhoda followed her and saw her out, and they exchanged a simple good-bye—upon the face of each a kind of smile—the ghost of a smile; and so they parted. Rhoda ran singing upstairs to her room. Once within, she locked the door, and, throwing herself on the bed and hiding her face in the pillow, she shed some bitter tears. Bella, now in the street again, felt as one who emerges from a room where death lies. She breathed more freely—it was over.

"She will see him no more?" But then came disquiet—doubt even: "Can I trust her? I know that she loves him—almost as I do—can I believe that she will give him up?"

The more she pondered upon this, the more it grew doubtful. She stood in the street, hesitating.

"I had two cards," she said. "I have played one—shall I play the other?"

She debated for a long time, and then she said:

"Yes: I will play the other."

The result of this resolution was that old Dr. Thurlow that day had a visitor also. He was busy with Horace when the janitor of the Academy for Young Gentlemen appeared, with the announcement that a lady wished to see the Doctor.

"A lady to see me, Perkins? What can she possibly want? I thought it was generally understood throughout the town that I was never visible during school-hours."

But Horace this day was compelled to wait, and for a quarter of an hour the young gentlemen had an unexpected recess.

When at length the interview ended and Rhoda returned to the street, she said in a low voice, in which there was a certain triumph:

"If there was any idea of an elopement, it is now impossible. I think I may rise and say 'Checkmate!'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN IRONMOUS Nevada tavern keeper, on opening his house, could not find a painter to number his doors, so, taking a tack hammer and a pack of cards, began at the ace and continued up to the king, numbering the doors in a novel and entirely original manner.

BEDLAM is derived from the Priory of Bethlehem, a suppressed religious community, which Henry VIII. gave to the London magistrates as an asylum for the lunatics.

FARMER JONES caught a rooster stealing his corn, wrung his neck, and now claims to have killed a cock robin.

A LADY describing an ill-natured man says he never smiles but he feels ashamed of it.

THANKSGIVING REFLECTIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY EMAC CROOK.

Oh, yes, it's all very jolly.
This giving of thanks, no doubt;
But what, if a chap's melancholy,
Is he going to be thankful about?
Here am I in the uppermost story
Of a boarding house, hashy and drear.
(Perhaps, though, I ought to be thankful,
That heaven and I are so near!)

The skies are unpleasantly murky,
'Tis the most unpropitious of days.
Not the ghost of a possible turkey
Uprises before my gaze;
I'd demolish the whole of a gobbler,
Breast, drumstick and all, if I could
(And yet I am told to be thankful
That my appetite's always so good!)

The air in this room makes me shiver,
The coal, like the fire, is out;
I know 'twill unsettle my liver,
And bring on a fever, no doubt.
I've a cold and horrible headache,
And pains in my joints, through and through
(I suppose, though, I ought to be thankful
That I haven't the smallpox, too!)

Here are bills by the score, unreceipted,
And duns of the dunningest kind,
And there is an ode I committed
On "Thanks"—which with thanks was declined;
And my landlady—yes, I am thankful,
In spite of my trials and cares,
That she yesterday fractured her knee-pan,
While climbing that fourth flight of stairs!)

No longer love's fires may warm me,
For Rebecca—that maiden of grace—
She wrote me a note to inform me
Another had taken my place.
O frailty, thy name is Rebecca!
'Twas thus in my anguish I cried
(Yet really I ought to be thankful
For the fellow she married has died!)

So, I ask, how's a chap to be jolly,
Or thankful for what he has not?
Can he hope to escape melancholy
If he's doomed to so dismal a lot?
The day seems to me but a mockery,
Its spirit's a thing of the past.
And—what did you say?—will I have something?—
On my honor, I'm thankful at last!

AMONG THE GOLD-HUNTERS:

Nuggets of Reminiscence from an Old '49er.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Put me down as Holiday, if you have any call to mention me; then any of the old boys that may be around yet and see it will know it is me. Holiday was a sort of purser's name, you see, that I wore on the Slope in '49. Mine? Well, it was then. Must a fellow always wear one suit of clothes? So, put me down Holiday."

The speaker was a genuine '49er, short of stature, lean of body and limb, wiry and tough, somewhat slow of speech and low-voiced, nearly sixty years old, but active as most men are at half his age. Will, determination, obstinacy even, one might read in the lines about his thin lips, and that there was "plenty of sand" in his composition none could have doubted who studied his clear, steady, blue eyes. Sailor, diver, explorer, miner, photographer, inventor, and what-not else he had been—one of those versatile beings to whom everything "comes handy," and who, from the facility with which they can shift about, seem possessed by a restless yearning for a change of base.

"Older only for me. I played the limit on whiskey many a year ago, and quit the game. It has been the ruin of too many good men for me to have much respect for it, and no man's luck will stand good against it long. There was that chap Gauley from Boston, fr'instance. He struck the richest claim I ever know'd of my own knowledge. It was in Hawkins' Bar, in the Tuolumne River, in '49. The first day he worked on it he took out forty-eight pounds of gold-dust. There had been some time a sort of eddy in the stream that had piled the gold in a pocket right there, and it was just his luck to come along and pot the whole thing. His claim was only ten feet square; but Lord! there was nothing like it, on the bar or anywhere else, for richness. Well, it pretty near turned his head when he took out them forty-eight pounds in one day, and he went right up to the place that Jim Hall and Jo Ward were keeping then, and invited the whole camp on Murphy's Bar to take a drink. And you bet the invitation was accepted, as likewise the succeedin' one, also given by him to the same general effect, as well as many more a-followin' it; for, to tell the plain truth, he didn't do much good the rest of that year. It seemed to him like as if he had more gold than he could ever spend, and he was always insistin' on Murphy's Bar takin' a drink at his expense. And it did look as if he was dead right. Whenever he'd get a little short, all he had to do was to go down to his claim and buck the old rocker a while, and wash out seven or eight pounds of dust, and then back to Jim Hall's he'd go, and it was 'Whoop 'em up, boys!' until that lot was all gone. I don't know as he gambled much, but he drinked powerful and naturally. What with his bein' always full of liquor and takin' no rational amusement, he got all broke up until he got so that he couldn't work his claim any more. Then the Ridley boys worked it for him a while, and I worked for them. That was in '50. It was no Mongol luck of a claim then, I tell you, even if it was far off. It had been taken out. We used to get eight and nine pounds of dust every day with a little rocker; and it kept right along yielding that way up to the time when the Little Grizzly dam broke up at Jacksonville and swept away everything in the river. I left then, but I've heard since that that little ten-foot claim lasted longer than Gauley did. After the flood they piped it out, and set up a new outfit and went right along; but Gauley couldn't be treated that way, which it was the worst for him, and often I've wondered to myself whether that big luck of his wasn't just about the worst he could have struck.

"Talking about luck, you know it's remarkable luck for a man to beat faro; but that is a contract for a boy by the side of beating monte. Yet I've known monte to be beat. Spanish monte, you know, I mean; not the swindlin' three-card business that they play on greenhorns and ministers on the Pacific trains. In this game there's a layout of four cards, top and bottom, and the deal is from the dealer's hand, instead of a box. And there's no layer-box in the land that comes up for good solid cheatin' to the human hand, especially when the party that works that hand is a pretty senorita, with lips that always smile, eyes as bright as diamonds, and a heart like the Devil himself. And there were lots of that kind of cattle out there in my time. In fact, it seemed to me as if Mexican women—the pretty ones at least—were born for no other purpose than to deal monte. I suppose the ugly ones were good, though, like in all the rest of the world. Saints are seldom much on personal attractions. But I'm a-gettin' off my story, which is about Johnny Green of Albany and monte. Johnny had used to be a boatman in Albany, and he went out to 'Frisco with a party in '50 he came down to 'Frisco with somewhere about $15,000, that he'd got up on the Tuolumne. A notion had struck him that he to be to be wantin' to get back home; but when he got as far on the way as 'Frisco he began to think that he hadn't money enough to fix him well at home, and maybe he'd run through the $15,000 in a short time, and not have a stake to get back. Whereas, if he had double as much, it would fix him for life. So he just made up his mind to double and quit, or lose all and go back to the rocker while he was handy to it and the walkin' good. He went into a monte game that a big Spanish fellow, whose name I don't remember now, was running, and says he to him:

"'If you've got the sand to stand earnest amusement, I'll go broke here in a few minutes, or I'll get away with about $15,000 of your money.'

"The Spaniard allowed he was as nerry as anybody else, and he'd give him a rattle for all he wanted. It was all pleasant and jokin' like, especially for the gambler, who thought he had the dead-wood on Johnny's $15,000; but as the game was going to be stiff, he began to turn his woman out of the chair and take the deal himself, which was his great mistake. He was afraid she'd weaken and get nervous, whereas he might have known, if he'd had more than greaser sense, that for smooth, smilin', unhesitatin' throat-cutting, a woman can give a man points any time. Well, they commenced, bettin' $5,000 on the turn of a card—a stake well worth turnin' for. The first bet rather shocked the Spaniard's nerves, for he didn't really expect to see more than $2,000 down at once, for all Johnny's warnin', and he saw there were several of Johnny's friends lookin' on, sharp-eyed fellows that knew the points about as well as he did, and likely to be handy with their weapons. So he was afraid to try gettin' his face work in, lest, bein' nervous, his fingers might betray him, when he knew it would be all up with him. And he dealt square. In twenty minutes Johnny had doubled his $15,000; and as soon as he did he quit. Nobody knows how much he might have won, for the Spaniard had slathers of money; but just as soon as Johnny got his $30,000 he says:

"'There's my limit, boys, and I'm done.'

"And he took the next steamer for home.

"There was lots of money lost out there in them days that wasn't blowed in for whiskey nor bucked against a game. We had no safe-deposit companies and no savings-banks—which the latter, run in what seems to be the New York style, as far as I can understand, would have been very unhealthy for the officers and directors, if we'd had any amongst us. But we didn't. Everyman hid his nuggets and his dust just the best way he could. Sometimes it would be in a hole deep under the fire on the earth of his cabin, or some other place in the earth-floor; sometimes in the ground under a tree in some lonesome, unlikely-lookin' place; or maybe in the open a certain number of feet to'rd some p'int of the compass, from a little innocent-looking stick stuck down, or a big stone. It wasn't uncommon for them caches to be lost by their real owners and found by other fellows. I know'd of a Frenchman that hid about $9,000 worth of dust, and went off to the American River prospectin', and when he come back, three months after, he couldn't find it. Somebody had kicked out the little stake he had put down to mark it, and he was all at sea. He dug all around where he thought it might be, but never found it, and at last went off heart-broken down to 'Frisco. Then, when he was gone, a smart chap that had been watchin' him set to work and ground-sluiced the whole place for two acres around, and got the pile.

"There was a fellow on the Toulumne where I was by the name of Hanaford, I think; but I can't be certain now, it was so long ago. Anyhow, we used for to call him Bill. He was in with two pards, and they had a good claim and was doin' well, when his brother came out. Well, of course, Bill couldn't take him in, seein' as their gang was full, so he advised him to strike out prospectin' for himself. The young chap didn't take to it very kindly, for he was a greenhorn in minin' ways, and didn't think he stood much show; still he did the best he could. One day, when he was goin' back to camp dead-beat and disgusted, he sat down under a tree to rest himself, and while he sat there the idea come to him: 'Why the devil should the gold be all out in the open, down in the bars, where the sun is hot enough to blister a hair-trunk? Why mightn't it just as well be in the shade, like under this tree, where a feller could work in comfort? And who knows but what it is?' So in a sort of indifferent way he set himself to dig a hole, thinkin' to pan out some of the s'ile, for he was altogether green, you know; but when he got down a bit his pick struck somethin' of metal, and in a minute or two he had broked up a tin can with more'n $3,000 in it, in dust and little chunks and nuggets of pretty good size. Of course he had sense enough to know that gold didn't come naturally that way in tin cans, put up like fruit or turkey; but he knew also that out there in them times a man hadn't much clear title to anythin' he didn't have his hand on, and 'findin's is keepin's' was the general rule. So he froze to that big streak of luck and took it into camp with him. Then he whispered to his brother the rich find he had made, and Bill took a mighty lively interest in it.

"'Where did you find it?' says he. And the young fellow described the place to him as well as he could. 'Why, you unholy young buccaneer,' says Bill, 'that's my cache you've been a plunderin', and it's my gold you've got.' Then he went on, before lookin' at the gold, to describe some of the biggest nuggets, to identify it by. 'There was a flat one bigger'n my thumb-nail, says he, 'of the shape of an Irish harp, an another like a dumbbell; two blobs with a thin bit between 'em, and half an inch long; and one like a ham, with a star on one side.'

"'And so on. And, sure enough, when they come to look, it was his gold, and, seein' it was his brother's, the young fellow gave it up.

"'In '52 there was a big excitement about Australia, and a good many of the chaps, thinkin' they'd have a better chance there, the reports bein' so big, struck out from California for the new Australian diggin's. Among the rest, a prize-fighting gang at Murphy's camp, in Calaveras County, made up their minds to go. There was Johnny O'Brien, Sam Banty, Mike McGee, and one they called Sir Lisle Cicely—all pretty well-known names, that a good many livin' now, East as well as West, will remember—that were goin'. They set a day to start, and O'Brien he went to dig up his gold, which he had buried in the ground-floor of the cabin, in a certain spot close down by the wall. He dug and dug, and it wasn't there. He shouted that he was robbed, and there was a big excitement, but all to no good. There was the hole where he swore he had cached it three months before, and the hole was empty. Johnny was 'most crazy, but had no idea of the thief that robbed him. It seemed that he would have to give up goin' to Australia, for he couldn't start broke; but he was a good fellow, and the others wouldn't leave him behind, so they chipped in all around enough to give him as much as any of them had, and that fixed it. But the day they were to start, just as they were desertin' their old cabin, Billy Canfield—you must have heard of him—come over from Coultersville, and when they told him how Johnny had been robbed, 'Robbed be d—d!' says he. He asked about where the gold was buried, and Johnny told him it was in the floor, just below a nick he'd made in one of the logs that the cabin was built of. Billy went into the empty cabin and looked around, and says he:

"'Where's the nick?'

"'They had got high-toned when their luck was good, and lined their walls with muslin, so the nick was covered up.

"'It's just there,' says Johnny, pointin' to a spot above where he'd been diggin'.

"Billy said nothin', but ripped down the muslin, when, lo and behold! the nick was a good five feet from where Johnny had thought it was; and when they dug down under it they found his gold all right. You see, he had clean disremembered the location of his mark.

"But the queerest thing I ever did know of I was interested in myself, and it was a real robbery, with no person guilty after all. Two men named Vesey and Kidder—at least them were the names out there—were in partnership with me in a claim at the city of Tuolumne, in Sonora County, in 1854. We were doin' real well, and each of us had his share of several thousand dollars, in coarse gold and little nuggets, hid away in what he considered a safe place. We lived together in a little cabin next to the United States Hotel, that Greenwood used to keep then, and Vesey thought the safest place to hide his pile was to bury it in the dirt-floor under the pork-barrel. One day he went to it, to add a good handful to what he already had, and when he come to dig for it he turned as white as a sheet and said to us:

"'Boys, it's gone. I've been robbed!'

"'It was mighty unpleasant for us, for we were the only ones, as we thought, that knew of his hidin'-place, and he might very readily have suspected us. Whether he did or not, I never knew. At all events, he said nothin' of the sort, and went right on with his work; but he found some new place to hive his gold, which he didn't happen to mention to either of us. The matter rested so for some on, and one day, when we were all three in the cabin, unable to work because of the rain, which was pourin' down like all the flumes aloft was turned loose, our little adobe chimney got soaked with water and tumbled down. Of course, we had to go out with shovels and picks and fix it up the best we could, without regard for the rain, or else be smoked out of the cabin. I was digging for some earth at the corner of the cabin near the chimney, to patch it up, when all of a sudden my eye caught the gleam of a little yellow nugget. I picked it up, and saw several more. In a minute more we were all three down on our knees in the mud, forgettin' all about the rain and the chimney, scrapin' up the gold and congratulatin' ourselves on having struck the richest kind of a claim. But directly Vesey got some of the nuggets in his hand he knew them, and says he:

"'Why! D—n my eyes, if it isn't my own gold!'

"He recognized the buttons he had melted down and broken up himself; and right he was, as we made no manner of doubt. If we'd had any doubts, though, they would soon have been set at rest by our discovery of how he had been robbed. A gopher had burrowed its hole along under the corner of the cabin, and beneath the solid dirt-floor, and accidentally struck his gold, which was put down in a buckskin bag. If it had been in a tin can it would have been safe enough, for the gopher wanted neither tin cans nor gold, but it did want the buckskin-bag; so it gnawed the bag and dragged it away along its burrow, scattering the gold as it went, and that was how we came to strike the trail. We followed it up the hole, and recovered within half an ounce as much, I guess, of all that had been lost; and I do believe that Kidder and me were a d—d sight more glad of it even than Vesey himself was."

Innocents Abroad.

A couple of chaps, whose years will be few in the land if they do not reform, entered a Gratiot-avenue saloon five or six days ago, and one of them explained to the proprietor:

"This fellow and me have got a bet. I bet him $10 that Grant will be the next President, and he takes me. Here's the money—we want you to keep it until the bet is decided, in 1880."

"I will do so," was the calm reply as the money was raked in.

The strangers departed, each vigorously asserting that he wasn't afraid to trust the saloonist, and they were not seen again until yesterday forenoon. They then appeared, to remark:

"We have been talking the thing over, and have concluded to withdraw that bet. It has been some trouble to you, and if you hand over $9 we'll call it square."

"I am no such mon as dot," replied the saloonist as he opened the till; "I makes no charge—here ish der cash."

He threw them out the two fives they had left, a sly twinkle in his eye, and as they slid out he called after them:

"Gentlemen, when you makes any more pets please call around!"

But they won't. The two bills were base counterfeits, and they didn't get mixed up with his honest cash.—*Detroit

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

NEWARK, Philadelphia.—Of all American cities having populations of mush magnitude, Philadelphia has the largest area. There is probably no metropolitan city or town of much larger area than Bristol, N. Y., we think, is one; there is almost no limit to the possible extension of a town or city located on a prairie, for example; it can be legally extended once a year or oftener; and it follows that to give an exact answer to your question would require the constant employment of a topographical statistician. It also follows that, as area has but little to do with population or commercial prosperity, the magnitude of a place is not to be estimated by the ground walked over by a surveyor, and that a place of twice Philadelphia's area could not be considered of its population is virtually a vast uninhabited plain, instead of being a "city." Philadelphia herself has more ground than she knows what to do with yet; while overcrowded New York, which for years has been populating Long Island and New Jersey, may on some election-day gobble up a large slice of both places, as in 1875 she about doubled her area by gathering in a large part of Westchester County.

W. P. R., City.—Napoleon Campana, alias "Young Sport," was born in Virginia in 1836, stands 5ft. 8in. in height. In 1856 and after that date he figured extensively as a runner, over distances ranging from 880 yards up to five miles in New York and the New England States. According to the records of those days he ran a half mile in 2m. 8s., 1,000 yards in 2m. 11s., a mile in 4m. 58s., and ten miles in Paterson, N. J., in 56m. 30s. (5 miles in 29m. 31s., the latter race taking place at the Union Course, L. I., Sept. 3, 1857. He also won a belt, stated to be for the championship of New England, 5 miles, at Providence, R. I., July 30, 1857, defeating Leamburd and Unknown in 30m. 46s. John Stetson, Pat Buckley, Wm. Hendley ("The Shooting Star"), and others were entered for this race, but did not start. As most of the races which took place in those days took place on trotting tracks, the contestants did not go the full distance, and the times do not indicate anything.

M. G., Geneva.—1. Rupires with No. 26, Vol. 26; Almanac will be sent when ready. 2. The legs of a blackred cock are of a willow or olive color. 3. Yes. The breed of game chickens with topknots are known as "Baltimore tassels."

4. You were right in regard to the distance necessarily to be traveled by Corkey, in order to equal O'Leary's record, being considerably greater than that done by the latter, because of the presence of a score of other competitors on the track, in passing whom he, of course, had to go out wide; and you have doubtless already seen that he finished 330 2-7 miles in over an hour less time than O'Leary accomplished in traveling 42[illegible] miles. Our previous inference was based on the supposition that Corkey had remained on the track until the expiration of the 14th. 25m.

UTICA.—The decision of the referee was final, and must be abided by; all bets on the result of the contest were decided by it. It might be a question of veracity as to whether the superintendent and Dr. Gottlieb as to whether or not there was any agreement in regard to retiring from the track. If there was not such an agreement, the action of the superintendent and others in preventing the doctor from continuing his walk was unjustifiable, and this, together with the statements you make in regard to Mr. Lux repeatedly violating the rules by running, without carrying any colors, for no reason, and without the existence of the folly of appointing persons to positions which they do not understand. See item in athletic department anent the affair.

OLD SPORT, Coal Creek.—A could have called only in case B had failed to call. A loses as a penalty for his neglect to call game when he made it, which negligence gave A a chance to make game that otherwise he would not have had a chance to win by seat, this rule is necessary to prevent collusion between players. It is a rule, however, that is not necessary at pinpool proper, in which there is a winner of the game, but never a loser, the object being simply to make figures foot up correctly, and these parties were not playing pinpool, there being no pool. It was rather a game of pins.

HUDSON.—1. There is no authentic record of 30-mile running match in America. 2. Sarlow is stated to have run ten miles in 54m. 21s. at Hoboken, N. J., Nov. 19, 1844. In a match between Francis Attinelli and Frank Bethal, at the old half mile track at the Red House, Harlem, N. Y., March 29, 1845, Attinelli won by 150 yards in 46 minutes, and John Grindall defeated John Stetson in 57m. 22s. at Cambridge, Mass., May 15, 1855. Please send particulars of Taylor's runs at Hudson, giving names of timers, judges, etc., and state if any money was at stake.

G. A. T., Galena.—1. You have not got to play the hand out in any game of casino that consists of a given number of points. In a "lug" you have to do so, because there he is that he feels he can beat the other score with more points than eleven, and sweeps may increase the number to twenty or more. The maker of the majority of points wins the "lug." It is because there are eleven points to counts in a "lug," or hand, at casino, that many persons think a game of eleven points is the same thing. 2. About 200,000.

F. K., Savannah.—Address Scott & Bros., Fulton street, this city, for a published list of coins having a special market value. In your collection may be one or two worth more than their face. If so, it will not be because they are old, but because they are scarce; not so much because they have since become scarce as because they were scarce in the year they were minted, very few of them being issued. Coins as old as yours, and hundreds of years older, are sold here at auction by the peck-measure, and others lie in old iron pots in pawnbrokers' windows.

FED, Bangor.—1. Keep the form as erect as possible, the knees stiff, and do not remove the toe of the rearmost foot from the ground until the heel of the foremost foot is planted. 2. You can obtain "Manual of Sporting Rules" and "Practical Training" from Ed. James, who advertises a price, 50 cents each. 3. There is, no rule. If the men do not mutually agree before starting in the peck-measure, any contestant who adheres to the manner of progression at first adopted by both has the right to the inside.

J. S. SADLER.—1. The utility of the men mentioned has never been tested in the ring without gloves, consequently we cannot decide. 2. McClellan is not a lightweight, while Edwards has won several championship battles. 3. Tom Allen was never comparable to Mace when the latter was in his prime, and we think the latter the better man of the two now, though ten years the elder.

FRANK G. BIRCH.—1. The challenge there alluded to was not, as was subsequently discovered, authorized by Trickett, nor do we believe it was ever sent from England, as it purported to be. Trickett declined to leave Australia to row anybody, nor is it likely he ever will. 2. He is. The recent race between Messenger and Laycock was not for the championship of Australia.

S. AND D., Boston.—1. John C. Heenan fought Sayers April 17, 1860; returned to the States the same year, arriving in New York July 14; left for England the second time March 22, 1862, traveled with Howes' Circus for a year, and fought Tom King Dec. 10, 1863. 2. The articles for the Hanlan-Courtney boat-race stated that they were to row for $1,000 a side; a purse of $6,000 was also offered by the citizens of Montreal. More than this we cannot say.

C. H. H., Providence.—Our invariable rule is to answer no question in regard to the circulations of newspapers. The matter is analogous to the relative receipts of theatres on different nights of the week. The figures are known either withheld by the only persons who have the power and the right to make them public, or they are given ingeniously, rather than ingenuously.

J. M. R., Middletown.—Call it a fair bet. An error upon one side and a certainty upon the other underlie every determinable proposition that has two sides. Your argument that your friend cannot win because you now concede that he is right is simply ridiculous. Knowledge is not power—that a man must not bet upon what he thinks or knows is right.

L. G., Brooklyn.—Notice of protest having been made, you should wait a reasonable time for a settlement of the case by the contingent highest authority. It may be that the protest will be abandoned. In that event the canvassers remain the highest authority, and you should not pay the money in accordance with their certificate of election.

EUREKA, Pittsburg.—1. Lawrence Barrett acted for many years in subordinate companies before he became a star. He first appeared on the stage in Detroit, Mich., about 1853 or 1854. 2. Stuart Robson was at one time a member of the stock company in the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia.

LOTE, West Troy.—G. L. Fox retired from the comanagement with J. W. Lingard of the New Bowery Theatre, this city, March 23, 1867, and began a star engagement at six nights a week at the Olympic, remaining there 29. The theatre was not closed, but continued open under the sole management of J. W. Lingard.

J. M. CUTRAN, Boston.—You will have to fork over the $50. Last March Mahon and Laidlaw were beaten in New England States for over three—probably four—years. Homer Lane was defeated by Wm. Farrell in San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 7, 1875, and he has not been East since that time.

YACHTSMAN.—"The American Yacht List" for 1874 gives the dimensions of the schooner-yacht America, owned by Gen. Butler, as follows: Length over all, 90ft.; length on water line, 81ft.; beam, 22ft. 6in.; depth, 9ft. 3in. She was built by George Steers in 1851, and the same year won the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup in English waters.

G. W. R., Philadelphia.—You have not named the game. On general principles, every other player is required to say what he will do before the dealer can exercise a voice. Assuming that you mean euchre, the dealer cannot take up the trump until he has learned the wish of every other player.

N. G. K., Brooklyn.—We cannot at this time supply you with the names of the business-managers of fifteen or twenty parks. The season is very nearly over, or is ended. About March next companies will be made up for the touring season of 1879.

H. M. S., Elmira.—1. We must decline to mortgage our space in advance to assist in paying that problem to secure the annual round. 2. So simple a matter admits of scarcely a dispute. The difference between $100 and $30 is clearly $70, and the half of that is as clearly $35.

S. G., Passaic.—1. Your letter to the 9th shot (that was the correct weight of the missile), 37ft. 10in., is the best by an amateur of which we have any record in America. Please send particulars of the performance you mention, which has frequently been heard of by professionals.

J. E. B., Boston.—1. Two aces can be taken at cassino with either a deuce or another ace. 2. Three-of-a-kind is a better hand than a straight, chief in the reason that a straight is of no account unless it is specially agreed to play it, and then its value must also be agreed upon.

R. J. A., Richmond.—1. You will find our advertising rates at the top of the first column on the eighth page of THE CLIPPER. 2. Any time would be appropriate to advertise for engagements for such an attraction.

W. A. D., Quray.—1. Edison's phonograph is not likely to interfere with the short-hand reporting. 2. Your compensation varies so much that it would be hard to give you an average.

MARIANNE BECK.—Address A. Oakey Hall, office N. Y. Herald, which pack of cards for the prize for the solution of the Billy Peterson and thirty-nine other more or less lucid problems.

A. J., Philadelphia.—At four-handed pinochle, partners' "eights" take precedence of everything but "nines" of trumps. C and D did not need to take a trick, if either held forty tramps.

G. B. W.—No answers by mail. We have inclosed your letter and addressed it to him, and will advertise it. It will be the quickest way of reaching him, as he is probably traveling with Forepaugh's Circus.

A. C. HOA., Petrolia.—1. Get an engagement to play general utility with some traveling company, and work your way up. 2. James F. Sherry is living in Philadelphia, Pa., but is not engaged in theatrical management at present.

BOSTON.—1. The highest card wins in cutting for deal at euchre. 2. The highest in cutting, high-jack is the highest in the game; when the deck is the true euchre one, the seven spot is lowest.

HARRY, Saratoga.—It is not exactly in our line, we have frequently been asked, and we would advise you, if the matter is important, to address *The Scientific American*, this city. He belongs somewhere in Connecticut, we think.

J. H. O., Atlanta.—It cannot count the ten that is filled to take at other stages. The contrary was once the rule, but it has long since been rendered obsolete by usage, as well as by a new rule.

S. H. MOD., Plattsburg.—Those performances, having been done in private practice, and presumably under the eye of judges more or less interested, cannot be accepted as record.

MIMIC.—1. You should have either a contract or a letter acknowledging the engagement. 2. Either mentioned would hold good in law, and you could sue for salary under breach of contract.

HARD TIMES, Brooklyn.—The holder of the mortgage can sell your property. You need to consult a lawyer, or at least some intimate friend of business habits, before whom you can lay all the facts.

P. Binghamton.—A, who cannot receive the exposed card, may inquire what value has similarly underneath it. Those who come after him cannot be served before he himself is.

MD. J. L., Brooklyn.—There is only one Fanny Herring in the dramatic profession, and she is now playing in dramas in variety theatres.

J. H. H., Ligonier.—1. High, low, jack and game. 2. See rates on eighth page. 3. Advertise, and make a selection from among those answering.

CONSTANT READER, Troy.—CLIPPERS of those dates are out of print. You might get a nie by advertising for them.

MAC, Montreal.—Any bookseller in your city can get you a copy, or you can get it of the American News Co., 39 and 41 Chambers street, this city.

FAKIR OF MAGIC, Lowell.—There is no journal there devoted to amusements. We would not advise a magician to go there.

S. J.—We know nothing about the father of the late A. D. Seward. He was probably an Irishman by birth, but he might have been born in Scotland.

J. B., Washington.—In 8, 7, 9, 7, the player of the second seven counts no more than two for thirty one and two for Stuck. Only the nine is in sequence.

J. C., Cumberland.—John Thompson was for many years in the variety business, and was at one time a partner of the late Frank Karns.

M. J. W., Boston.—A letter addressed to him, stating his business on the envelope, in care of this office, will probably reach him.

J. L., London.—There has been no national census since 1870. That is worthless now, and so are the local ones since taken by those avowedly rival cities.

RAILROAD.—We cannot say. Several years ago it was Indianapolis, Ind. Those things are subject to frequent change.

J. L. V.—1. About $10 per week and expenses. 2. There is a slight demand. 3. Your card will cost 90 cents for each insertion.

WRESTLER, Boston.—Michael Kirk was beaten by Dale in a collar-and-elbow match for $330, best 2 in 5 falls, at Chelsea, Mass., Oct. 11, 1855.

W. A. H., Albany.—Anderson & Co.'s Circus is in Winter quarters in Topeka, Kas.

H. A., Brooklyn.—We have commenced to pick a complete record of the Centennial games, but many [illegible] have not been reported, and we have not the time to [illegible] them. Please wait a month or two longer, and we will publish the record of the games.

J. F. G., Philadelphia.—Have you and Hans never fought, nor did they ever enter the ring together with the Marquis of Queensberry rules in force?

A. C. H., Brooklyn.—Robert Bonner does not own Rarus, unless he has privately bought him within the past forty-eight hours.

W. H., St. Louis.—1. Neither is out. The first to make it should have called out. 2. Sweeps count as much as any other point.

JORDAN.—At single-handed cribbage, as at any other single-handed game, the dealer can expose all his cards without penalty. B is wrong.

E. F. H., Chicago.—Cannot afford the space to republish the averages. You could probably get a copy by advertising.

A. C. H., Brooklyn.—Robert Bonner does not own Rarus, unless he has privately bought him within the past forty-eight hours.

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J. F. MCN., Black Hawk.—Official time is never taken in single-handed games, the dealer can expose all his cards without penalty. B is wrong.

E. F. H., Chicago.—Cannot afford the space to republish the averages. You could probably get a copy by advertising.

J. F. MCN., Black Hawk.—Official time is never taken in single-handed games, the dealer can expose all his cards without penalty. B is wrong.

F. J. W., Brooklyn.—The score of the game appears in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC of 1878.

J. R. C., Baltimore.—No answers as to circulation of newspapers.

METHUSELAH, Baltimore.—Joe Goss was born in November, 1846.

INQUIRY, Bridgeport.—For route ahead see our Boston letter in this issue.

ASYLUM, Columbus.—Ed. James, who advertises, can supply you.

JAMES, Detroit.—Thanks for attention. Paper sent. Sporting news always acceptable.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—Adah Isaacs Menken died in Paris, not in this city, Nov. 10, 1868.

M. M. M., Chelsea.—A has not to win any game. He will win the bet if B does not win five games.

E. T. S., Manchester.—In 3, 3, 7, 4, 5, 6, there is a run of five for the 6.

J. N. MCI.—We have no time to search our files this week. Will try and do so next.

E. S., New Haven.—At cassino a player can have two "builds" upon his table at one time.

W. C., Philadelphia.—C, who bid two and made high-game, goes out on his high.

W. M., Brooklyn.—Unless your father was naturalized, you will not be a voter before you can vote.

J. B. S., Washington.—We have no record of his weight.

OLD READER, Jacksonville.—There must be a new deal.

F. L. M., Boston.—Address them in care of this office.

L. P., Mexico.—There are no fixed rules for that game.

B. L. H., Wilkesbarre.—Not when it is properly played.

W. D., Palestine.—B wins. The watch is a gold one.

M. K. H., Boston.—There is no such direct tax here.

P. AND J., Rochester.—The ace is low at poker-dice.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—8 wins. Plurality is not majority.

W. A. H., Albany.—It is wintering in Columbus, O.

CARROLL, Philadelphia.—Such is an A.M. Society, Pa.

W. L. C., Chicago.—We do not know her age.

C. F. W. D., Kansas City.—Born Feb. 26, 1840.

READER.—No. 2 had but one chance to guess.

W. F.—The result was a draw. Toss for wins.

SAMMY.—The lady is not a Jewess.

LOUISVILLE.—He is in Australia.

C. H. HOUGTON.—Out of print.

BOSTON.—We do not know.

HORSE SENSE.—No.

THANKSGIVING.

The air is pleasantly suggestive of turkey. The year 1878 brings us, in its declining days, a time set apart for the giving of thanks, and, more specifically, for the devouring of poultry. The custom, which once prevailed only in New England, has come now to be followed in almost every section of the country. It is a good custom. The propensity for finding fault is so general that the habit of returning thanks for the blessings that are, should be cultivated. The veriest fool knows that honey is sweet. It takes a philosopher to discover that there is something of good even in gall.

Thanksgiving is one of those exact historical holidays whose origin is shrouded in no mystery. It was established by the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth in what is now the State of Massachusetts to express their devout gratitude to an overruling Providence at their escape from the tomahawk of the Indian and the starvation which continually threatened them. The deliberate Dutch and bluff Britons who settled New Amsterdam, otherwise New York, assimilated their piety to their digestion so perfectly that gratitude was ingrained in their natures, and they asked only a reasonable opportunity to be thankful all the yea round. Moreover, they observed the festivities of Christmas and the wholesome custom of making the New-Year the occasion for the forgiveness of sins, both of which holidays were ruled out of the Puritan calendar. It follows that they stood in no such need of a proclaimed feast and day of rejoicing as did the Massachusetts colony. So it happened that Thanksgiving was not celebrated in this State till long after it had become an established feast in New England. Finally the hard barriers which had shut out the pleasant Christmas-tide from the Eastern States were broken down, and, as St. Nicholas extended his journey to Boston, the genius of the Thanksgiving holiday came over our borders and exerted his authority here. But it was not till the Civil War was in progress that Thanksgiving was dignified into a national holiday. Yet, as a generation has come to man's estate even since that comparatively recent date, it is only among those who are growing old that the painful newness of the day's general observance is noticed or remembered.

As we have said, Thanksgiving is a goodly custom. To review the record of the year, and to discover therein those things which call for rejoicing, is a duty which should also be a pleasure to us all. We know, all too well, that the year which is drawing to a close has brought its shadow as well as sunshine. Plague, like an evil spectre, has stalked through the South, smiting down its victims with merciless fury. And yet, even in the blackness of sorrow, there was a bright ray which illuminated Death's carnival. The responsive chord which was touched in Northern hearts—the sympathy which took practical shape—healed the old wounds of sectional strife. And that is something to be thankful for. Except only the breath of pestilence, no blight has fallen upon the land. In many respects our country has been peculiarly blessed. Seldom if ever were the harvests more abundant, or nature more prodigal in her gifts. The hungry nations of the Old World have come knocking at our gates for food. The broad fields of the West are becoming the granaries of Europe. While we have bread to feed mankind, our own people ought not to suffer. Even if we still grumble over the times, it is something to be thankful for that we are in a more prosperous condition to-day than we were a year or five years ago. Strength and plenty are with us, and prosperity cannot be far away, for these are her harbingers. Custom and proclamation have done what they could to make Thanksgiving general; but it remains with those whom fortune has favored to give to the poor something to be honestly thankful for. The year, with all its blessings, has been a year of struggle to that great multitude who have found the gates of industry barred, and who have sought in vain for work to do. There are many families who never felt till now the stress of actual want. To them the spirit of the day appears too much like a mockery of their woes to be grateful. But the darkness of their homes may be brightened, for a day at least, by a small expenditure on the part of those whose lives have been cast in pleasanter places. A fat turkey, a round of beef, a bushel of potatoes—almost any substantial reminder of the season of feasting and rejoicing—sent into a home where hunger comes as an unbidden guest, will promote a spirit of gratitude which will sanctify the day as no word of priest or seal of State can sanctify it.

Perhaps our friends of the stage have less reason than the rest of mankind to feel thankful over holidays. They bring, almost without exception, double work—and we regret to add that they do not always bring double pay. Still, the Thespian philosopher may be thankful, if he will, in the thought that every day is not Thanksgiving. We are to get the usual amount of extra performances, and it is THE CLIPPER'S wish that the matinee feasts everywhere may be seasoned with the sauce of full houses. That will inspire the actor and gladden the heart of the manager. Then, if any shall wish to enjoy their own abundance, and add to their dinner a flavor that no epicurean device can give, they will see to it that their less lucky neighbor is furnished with a substantial meal. That will make the day indeed a day of Thanksgiving.

IT MAY be all well enough to draw a lesson from the career of a man the flight of whom genius was quenched in dissipation; but we submit that it is better to let the lesson go than to base it upon a foundation of falsehood. It so happens that whenever a person of brilliant talents sinks into evil ways, there are those who delight to seize upon the occurrence, to magnify the iniquity, and to moralize over the depravity of human nature. There was Poe, for example, who has been made the hero of more absurd falsehoods than would fill a good-sized volume. Erratic as he was, he never could have done one tenth part of the foolish things attributed to him, because his life was too short. He may have wanted his opportunities, but he left behind him enough to make his name immortal. Doubtless Peg Woffington has been made to answer for many misdeeds which she never took, and certainly Adah Isaacs Menken has been credited with adventures in countries she never visited. Half the anecdotes which are told of stage people are purely fictitious, and perhaps half of the other half would be better left untold.

THIS IS beautiful weather for yacht-racing, and we are surprised that our seafaring friends do not take advantage of it. The breezes are fresh and strong, and all that the most ardent shiverer of timbers could desire. Instead of climbing the waves that run mountains-high, our yachting fleets are laid up for repairs, and their crews left to buffet the gales which beset the mariner in every seaport town, or stem the tidal-wave of the pitiless storm which lands the tarry top-lighters high and dry on a rock-bound coast.

WE SUGGEST a mass meeting for something or other. The city is altogether too quiet for this time of the year. Strangers hesitate to visit us for fear they would become a prey to the bodysnatchers, and the only business that exhibits signs of life is that connected with watching cemeteries and burial-vaults. Ever since dear Brother Talmage returned from his underground explorations the resurrection business has shown an upward tendency.

A FIENDISH COMPOSITOR, conscience-stricken, owing to his multifarious blunders in the composing-room, recently attempted to take his own life by blowing his brains out with a shooting-stick; but either the weapon failed to go off or there were no brains to operate upon, so the attempt turned out to be a complete fizzle. Henceforth he will be known as a galley-slave.

THERE SEEMS to be a lull in the "irregularities" of bank officials since the incarceration of a few of the more guilty ones. Should this improvement continue, the risk of confiding one's surplus earnings to the safe keeping of trust-companies will be greatly lessened. This ought to be generally known.

IN THE LATE sanguinary less duel between those bloodthirsty Frenchmen Gambetta and Fortou, it was Fortou-nate that our police were engaged in searching for Stewart's body, else the fiendish duelists might have been hunted to the death!

NEXT MONTH will be time enough to sow your grasshopper seed, but now is the best time for getting in your crop of old rye. We should not advise the shearing of sheep nor the clipping of horses while the thermometer is below zero.

SHOULD the lynx-eyed ones succeed in gathering in what is left of the remains of the late A. T. Stewart, their attention will next be called to the long-deferred case of the late Charley Ross.

IS THE East-river Bridge called a suspension-bridge because of the suspension of payments by the New York branch of the firm?

LET IT be recorded that we have paid that little fish-bill, and the net results are in favor of the parties over there. This is official.

PERHAPS, if Stanley were put upon the case, he might succeed in solving the subject matter of our grave deliberations.

ANGELL, the Pullman palace-car defaulter, recently arrested in Europe, wants to be an Angel nevermore.

GREAT BRITAIN'S new war will probably end in Ameer target excursion.

THOSE who invested in "Keely's Motor" now desire to learn what was Keely's motive.

CAN IT be said of the present incumbent that "money makes the Mayor go?"

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AUCHINCLOSS, Frederick L.—Of the firm of Auchincloss Brothers, this city. He was a graduate of Yale College. About a month ago he set out for Japan and the world, expecting to return in the Spring—Yokohama, Nov. 18.

BEGGS, Robert—Well-known in newspaper circles of this city. He was formerly connected with *The Jersey City Times*, and afterwards with *The Daily News* and *The Sun* here. For a short time he edited a paper in Denver, Col., on account of ill-health. He was a member of the New York bar—Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 22, aged 33.

BRODERIP, Mrs. Frances Freeling—Only daughter of Tom Hood. She was married at the age of nineteen to the Rev. J. S. Broderip, an English clergyman. In conjunction with her brother, Tom Hood Jr., the editor of *Fun*, Mrs. Broderip wrote "The Memorials of Tom Hood" (two volumes, made up on his death of his "Poems and Sketches") (1869) of her father, and more recently edited the collected "Works of Thomas Hood." Mrs. Broderip was authoress of "Wayside Fancies" (1857), "Wild Roses, or Simple Stories of Struggle and Success" (1867), and other volumes of tales and fables of fairyland—Clevedon, Eng., Nov. 3, aged 48.

BRASTOW, George O.—Ex-Mayor of Somerville, Mass. He served as a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives four terms, and as State Senator six terms. For three years he was a member of the Governor's Council. He was a notable temperance worker, and a paymaster during the late war—Canandaigua, N. Y., Nov. 20, aged 67.

BULLOCK, Richmond A.—A prominent citizen of Woonsocket, R. I. He was found sitting in his chair with a bullet through his head—Woonsocket, R. I., Nov. 23.

BERMUDES, Louis De T.—Spanish Consul at the port of Charleston, S. C.—there, Nov. 22, aged 47.

BROWN, Wm. R.—A Brigadier-general during the Rebellion, and a prominent member of the militia—Newburg, N. Y., Nov. 18, aged 59.

BRACKETT, Greenleaf—A veteran of the War of 1812—Epsom, N. H., recently, aged 93.

CLARK, Wm. Wallace—A well-street broker. Fifteen years ago he was one of the most prominent men on the street, but, having met with heavy losses, his business of late had been conducted on a modest scale. One of his daughters married Major-general Pye-Coughlepede, the British Army, a cousin of the Duke of Wellington—this city, Nov. 21.

CAMPBELL, Daniel—Of Belton, S. C.—there, recently, aged 95.

CHATTERTON, Capt. Abraham—A veteran navigator of the Hudson River. Years ago the captain's sloop "Anaconda" was one of the most popular means of transportation between this city and Poughkeepsie—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Nov. 18.

CHAMBERLAIN, James H.—A prominent citizen of Ellsworth, Me., and formerly a resident of this city—there, Nov. 17, aged 58.

CORNING, John—Formerly Assistant General Superintendent of the New York Central Railroad. He went to California in 1868, where he occupied the same position for the Central Pacific Railroad. He was a nephew of Erastus Corning—Fernando, Cal., recently.

CHAPMAN, Thomas—A representative citizen of Lynn, Mass. He was widely known as "Uncle Thomas," and generally respected. He was a shoe-dealer, and at one time a member of the Massachusetts Legislature—Lynn, Mass., Nov. 19, aged 79.

COWENHAVEN, Nicholas—An old and respected citizen of New Brunswick, N. J. He was father of Judge Cowenhaven, Prosecutor of the Pleas—New Brunswick, N. J., Nov. 20.

CRAWFORD, James—Ex-member of Parliament, and brother of the late Lieutenant-governor of Ontario—Brockville, Ont., Nov. 13.

DE LASTEYRIE, Count Ferdinand Charles Leon—A prominent French politician. His mother was niece of Mirabeau, and he was related to Lafayette, for whom he once acted as aide-de-camp—Paris, France, recently, aged 66.

DEVINCK, Francois Jules—A French politician and chocolate manufacturer. Politics made him a Deputy, and chocolate made him rich. He published a book, and died content—Paris, France, Nov. 20.

DARLINGTON, Henry T.—Editor and proprietor of *The Bucktown (Pa.) Intelligencer*. His death resulted from a paralytic stroke—Bucktown, Pa., Nov. 20.

ELSSLER, Theresa—Widow of Prince Adalbert of Prussia. The marriage was morganatic, but the wife was afterwards ennobled—Berlin, Germany, Nov. 20, aged 67.

ENGLISH, Frederick—Entitled Major, was killed in the British Army—Cheltenham, Eng., Nov. 5, aged 62.

EMORY, Charles—A stockbroker of Philadelphia, Pa.—that city, Nov. 18, aged 59.

FENELON, Alexander—For fifteen years a hotel-keeper at Midland, Mich., and well known in that part of the State. He died from an overdose of chloral—Midland, Mich., Nov. 16.

FERRIER, Charles—Viscount Vilain, a prominent Belgian statesman. He filled many public offices—Brussels, Belgium, Nov. 18, aged 73.

GILLON, Paulin—A French Deputy—Paris, France, Nov. 21.

HATFIELD, Mrs. Mary E.—Wife of the Rev. E. F. Hatfield, D.D., and sister of Moses Taylor of this city—here, Nov. 17.

HARIVEL-DURVEHER, Victor—The French sculptor. Among his best-known works are a statue of "The Wandering Jew" and one of the Empress Josephine—Paris, recently.

HANEMEYER JR., Albert—A nephew of ex-Mayor Havemeyer of this city—San Gabriel, Cal., Nov. 8, aged 21.

HILL, William R.—A prominent Baltimore lawyer. He was Secretary of State under Gov. Bradford, and had held other positions of honor—Baltimore, Md., Nov. 16, aged 61.

HENSTERMAKER, Benjamin—An old and respected resident of McLean County, Ill.—Bloomington, Ill., Nov. 17, aged 78.

HANEY, Dr. Henry R.—A member of the Ontario Legislature—Monck, Ont., Nov. 18.

HAMILTON, William H.—Auditor and Auditor-elect of Jackson County, Ind.—Brownstown, Ind., Nov. 13.

JOSLIN, William S.—Another old and well-known settlers of the State of Illinois—Jacksonville, Ill., Nov. 17, aged 75.

KING, Henry S.—A London banker, at one time the head of an extensive publishing-house—London, Eng., Nov. 20.

KELLY, James—Of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Nov. 18, aged 58.

KOHL, Dr. J. G.—An eminent German traveler and historian. He enjoyed the reputation of having died seven years ago, the error finding its way into numerous works of reference. He visited the United States in 1854, and spent four years here, chiefly in the older region. His subsequent writings concerning Lake Superior are highly prized. He published a great many books, and, at the time of his death, was Bremen's City-librarian—Bremen, Germany, recently, aged 78.

KELLENGER, George H.—An old and respected citizen of Hornellsville, N. Y.—there, Nov. 23.

LOUGHEAD, Joseph P.—Formerly Assistant District-attorney of Philadelphia, then a United States District-Judge on one of the Territories, and more recently a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C.—there, Nov. 8.

LARKIN, Henry W.—Formerly of *The Sacramento Union* —San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 10, aged 58.

LAFFERTY, William T.—Proprietor of a popular Philadelphia lager-beer saloon. He was also connected with the Point Breeze Lodge, and proprietor of the old Boston Garden —Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 22, aged 39.

MAGE, Benjamin T.—For a generation a prominent Democratic politician of this county. He had been prosecutor of State-prisons, and secured the abolition of the whipping-post and pillory. He was also instrumental in the passage of the act for the abolition of slavery, he became a Republican when that party was organized, but for many years past had taken no active part in public matters—Orange Lake, N. Y., Nov. 19, aged 77.

MULLIN, Alexander C.—A lawyer and politician. He was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1862; was private secretary to Gov. Curtin from 1863 to 1866; afterwards Chief Clerk in the Public Department, and secretary to the Pennsylvania Board of Centennial Managers—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 22, aged 48.

MACLEAY, Kenneth—A distinguished Scotch painter. His work was chiefly in the line of miniatures. He was one of the founders of the Royal Scottish Academy—Edinburgh, Scotland recently, aged 76.

MALONE, Julius—Formerly a slave in the Harper family of Virginia, and "uncle" to pretty nearly everybody in the State of Alabama—Athens, Ala., recently, aged about 100.

MIROSLAWSKI, Louis—A distinguished Polish leader —Paris, France, Nov. 24.

MEDIS, William H.—Professor of belles-lettres in the Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Nov. 19, aged 50.

MCDONALD, Mortimer—Of Chicago, Ill.—there, Nov. 18, aged 27.

MCDONOUGH, Mary—Of Boston, Mass.—there, Nov. 18, aged 97.

MALLEY, James—Of Chicago, Ill.—there, Nov. 18, aged 62.

O'BRIEN, Ignatius—Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Long Island City. He was ordained seven years ago—Long Island City, N. Y., Nov. 24, aged 38.

PARDO, Don Manuel—Ex-President of Peru. While Minister of Finance in 1865-7-8, he was largely concerned in promoting the railway enterprises of Henry Meiggs. He had been conspicuous in the turbulent politics of his country since 1866, his election by Congress to the Presidency in 1872 leading to the bloody revolution in which President Balta was put to death. He met his own death at the hands of an assassin—Peru, Nov. 16.

POWERS, Thomas H.—Among the most distinguished chemists of the United States, and a member of the Philadelphia firm of Powers & Weightman, druggists. He began his business career forty years ago, after serving his apprenticeship, and had always lived in Philadelphia. The firm has a branch house in this city. Mr. Powers left an estate variously estimated at from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000. He gave away much, but in an unostentatious way—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 20, aged 63.

PATTON, Ellen—The daughter of an Irish patriot in the Rebellion of '98. It is told of her that after her father had fled to this country, Ellen, then a little girl, was taken by her grandfather to witness the execution of a patriot, and there heard the executioner offer aloud a reward for her father's head. The family at one time lived in Lancaster County, Pa., where Mrs. Patton was intimately acquainted with James Buchanan—San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 13, aged 85.

PYPER, Frederick S.—A colonel in the Rebellion, and Mayor of Lancaster, Pa., Nov. 21, aged 57.

PREBLES, Robert C.—Clerk of the Pickaway (O.) County Court—Circleville, O., Nov. 13.

RECTOR, Elias.—An Arkansas pioneer. He went to that State in 1830 and became surveyor-general, United States Marshal and Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Under Buchanan in 1858 he succeeded in removing Billy Bowlegs and his band of Seminoles from Florida to the Indian Territory, for which services Congress awarded him $10,000 and a resolution of thanks—Fort Smith, Ark., Nov. 22, aged 76.

REED, Alexander—A Presbyterian clergyman, formerly pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia —Boston, Mass., Nov. 24.

ROSE, N.—An early settler and prominent resident of Rock County, Wis.—there, Nov. 18.

SUMMERS, Charles—The English sculptor, long a resident of Rome. He studied at the Royal Academy, went to Australia, dug unsuccessfully for gold, practiced his art in Melbourne, and finally settled in Rome. One of his chief works, completed shortly before his death, consisted of four statues, portrait busts of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, for the Public Library at Melbourne, said to be among the happiest representations of the British royal family ever made—Neuilly, France, Nov. 2, aged 50.

SMITH, John F.—Of Pittsburg, Pa. In the recent campaign he was the Democratic and National candidate for State Senator. He received the balance of the casualties at the siege of Vicksburg—Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 23, aged 56.

STRONG, James Madison—The pioneer cotton-grower of California. He was a member of the State Constitutional Convention—Sacramento, Cal., Nov. 19, aged 70.

STEWART, T. Scott—Formerly a broker in this city—Westminster Palace Hotel, London, Eng., Oct. 26.

THOMPSON, Eliza—An aged negress of this city, where, for half a century, she lived and went by the name of Eliza, said to have reached the age of 111 years. Eliza was strong and well, and bade fair to beat her father's record; but she was run over by a baker's waron, and died from her injuries—this city, Nov. 18, aged 111.

THOMAS, Enoch—A Philadelphia merchant. He served in the Mexican War, and was a captain in the Rebellion—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 17, aged 53.

TILTON, Jacob—Civil engineer, and formerly Surveyor-general of Washington Territory—Washington, D. C., Nov. 22.

THOMPSON, Mrs. Lucinda—Mother of Edna Dean Proctor—South Framingham, Mass., Nov. 15, aged 76.

VASSILTCHIKOFF, Victor—A Russian prince and general. He was chief of the staff at Sebastopol during the Crimean War—recently.

WHEELER, Homer—Formerly of New York—San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 10, aged 59.

ATHLETIC.

WRESTLING MATCH.

McMahon Defeats McLaughlin.

For years past a match at collar-and-elbow wrestling between John McMahon and James H. McLaughlin has been brutted, but until a few weeks ago without any satisfactory smacking of business resulting. Although had not McMahon, who has of late been somewhat of a "rounder" in the way of sporting, he has been connected with the Police Department of this city for a number of years, and has always borne a high character for honesty and integrity. McLaughlin possesses the advantage in height, strength and weight; still, it was believed by many that superior quickness and the possibly finer science of his adversary would overcome the disadvantages and secure him the victory, and in consequence the betting before the contest began was in favor of McMahon at slight odds, which were freely accep

THE RING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.
Jimmy Elliott Challenges Johnny Dwyer.

Ever since the announcement was made, less than a year ago, that that very clever big man Jimmy Elliott, who challenged all America at a time when there were plenty of experienced pugilists of repute about, and who was once matched for the title against Wm. M. Davis, had made his rentree into Brooklyn society, people who were acquainted with the disposition of the man, and of those who had interested themselves in his behalf, have been in expectation of a pronunciamento indicating that he and Johnny Dwyer, who succeeded to the title of champion of America, through default of anybody to accept a fair and long-standing challenge, could not live in peace in the same town—at least not until the question of which was, physically and scientifically, the better man had been definitely settled by a test, according to the orthodox method, of the relative pugilistic abilities of the heavy-weight rivals for top-notch honors. The expected and not unwished-for document did not make its appearance as soon as anticipated; but events of recent occurrence in the City of Churches fired the fistic fuse, and the mine was exploded on Saturday, Nov. 23, when the subjoined document, on account of which two hundred and fifty dollars was duly deposited with us, was given to the world:

BROOKLYN, Nov. 23, 1878.

DEAR SIR.—I beg the privilege of challenging John J. Dwyer, this city, the reputed champion heavy-weight of America, to fight a fair stand-up fight, according to the rules of the prize-ring, for $2,000 a side, or as much more as Mr. Dwyer is willing to make the stakes. The fight to take place within two or three months from signing articles of agreement. This challenge is especially intended for Mr. Dwyer, but if he declines to meet me as above, I am willing to fight any man in America for $2,000 a side, within two or three months of signing articles.

Respectfully, JAMES ELLIOTT.

As a proof of the sincerity of the above challenge from James Elliott to John J. Dwyer, I beg to assure the latter that he will find the sum of $250 on deposit at THE CLIPPER office, which I trust he will at once cover, and appoint an early date for the purpose of drawing up articles and arranging preliminaries. Yours truly, PATRICK DWYER.

The publication of a challenge from a man so well known as Elliott, and whose experience and exploits in the roped and staked inclosure gives him prestige which his proposed antagonist cannot boast of (perhaps from no fault of his own, however), and who is reasonably adjudged to have solid backing in Dwyer's own city, created more of a sensation than anything that has transpired among the knights of the squared circle for many a long day, and it has since been the topic uppermost in the minds of everybody who takes interest in such matters. Some few appeared to think that the challenge would not meet with acceptance at the hands of Dwyer, who recently had some trouble with some of those who had previously been behind him; but the majority were of opinion that not only would he be disposed to pick up the gauntlet, but that claiming as he does to be the champion, he could not afford to decline to accept, more especially when the defi emanated from a man supposed to represent an opposing faction in the city of which he himself has for years been regarded as the representative heavy-weight boxer; and it was thought that under the circumstances any difficulty that might have occurred between Johnny and those who have heretofore been ever ready to furnish the sinews of war for him would be bridged over and forgotten. Those who have expressed the latter opinion will no doubt be surprised to learn that, up to the time of closing our forms, no response had been received from Dwyer, and Elliott's money is waiting to be covered.

THE CLARK-UNKNOWN MATCH.

No developments in regard to the light-weight match between Johnny Clark and Billy Edwards Unknown have been made since we previously adverted to the subject. The articles call for the posting of the second deposit of one hundred and fifty dollars a side on Tuesday, Nov. 26; but, in order to be in good season, Edwards deposited the Unknown's share with the temporary stakeholder on Monday, 25th, upon which date we like wise received the major part of Clark's stake, with a notification that the remainder was on the way—so that everything goes on all right. The card from Clark, published in our past issue, has elicited the following replies from the parties therein alluded to:

CARD FROM EDWARDS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23, 1878.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Mr. Clark's card of Nov. 18 in THE CLIPPER calls for no reply. The match has been made since Nov. 12, and will not be affected by any cards that may be published by either party. Mr. Clark will gain more enviable notoriety by beating the "Unknown" when he means him than by writing letters to the papers. In regard to myself, he knows that I have long since publicly retired from the Ring. Yours respectfully, WILLIAM EDWARDS.

CARD FROM CHAMBERS

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 23, '78.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir:* While looking over the columns of THE CLIPPER of last week I saw a long card from Mr. John H. Clark, and I think it my duty to answer it. Mr. Clark has gained all his reputation by publishing cards in papers and mixing his name up with those of other people, when he had no right to do so. He says he regrets very much that neither myself nor Mr. Edwards is manly enough to face him. I am surprised to read such blow in print, as both the public and Mr. Clark well know that I challenged Mr. John H. Clark through your columns on June 5, 1875, for $1,000 or $2,000 a side, at any weight he wished to name, and I left $100 on deposit at your office to show that I meant business. I again challenged him on July 24, 1875, for as much money as he pleased, and on several other occasions, at any weight and any amount, or anyone in the world at 120 pounds. All this time Mr. Clark kept publishing by cards in papers, but never covered my deposit nor offered to make a match. In January, 1876, I received my deposit from your office, after its lying there nearly seven months, without my being able to get any match. At the same time I publicly issued a card announcing my retirement from the prize-ring, never again to enter it as a principal. Since that time I lost the middle finger of my left hand, which Mr. Clark well knows, and since then I have never issued a challenge to anyone, as I am not sure yet if my hand is strong enough for a contest. But as regards Mr. Clark saying that he offered to goin a room with either Mr. Edwards or myself, put that down for what it is worth, as anybody knows it is nothing but braggadocia. If I felt like fighting I would just as leave fight Mr. Clark as eat my breakfast, as he well knows. We had one spree in New York for three cents' receipt of the house, and I shut both his eyes up in 31 minutes, and won the fight, and I am sure Mr. Clark would never mention fighting me if he did not know that I have publicly retired from the ring. I never do make my mind up to fight again, I will give Mr. Clark the first chance, and perhaps I will fight too fast for him. At present I think Mr. Clark has enough to attend to. By publishing the above you will greatly oblige yours, very respectfully,

ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.
Donovan and McClellan.

Negotiations for a third meeting between the middle-weights Mike Donovan, now of California, and William C. McClellan of this city are still in progress, and whether or not they will be brought to a final termination, depends upon the way in which the subjoined communication from the former is viewed by the New-Yorker and his backers. We do not anticipate that the proposition for a match for stakes will be entertained by the McClellan party, and it remains to be seen whether they are willing to guaranty the amount named by Donovan, which might easily be raised by extending the circle of the elect. We are convinced that McClellan, personally, is willing to do anything that is fair and reasonable; and should his friends not feel disposed to close with one or other of the offers contained in Mike's ultimatum, then we believe that Mac will agree to visit San Francisco upon Donovan doing that which he asks him (McClellan) to do as regards fighting for a purse—at least Mac has told us that if such a purse could be satisfactorily guaranteed he would not object to taking a trip to California, and, should he conclude to go there, he couldn't help but make friends. If, however, he should decide not to make the journey, it will be perceived that the challenge is thrown open to any 140lb man in the world, so that some other aspirant for the fistic fame may step into the breach and give Mike a chance to show whether there is anything more in him than what has already been developed. Read the following:

VIRGINIA CITY, Nevada, Nov. 18, 1878.

FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* I saw by last week's CLIPPER that Mr. Wm. McClellan says that if I go to New York he will guarantee me a one-thousand-dollar purse. Now, as I have met Mr. McClellan twice in New York for purses and beat him, I think that ought to satisfy him. If I had remained in New York till now I don't think Mr. McClellan would have challenged again. I was sent for from San Francisco, Cal., to fight Mr. Maynard, and that gentleman not wanting to meet me, I have concluded to make the Pacific coast my home in the future. Now, to show that I mean business, and that it costs too much to go to New York, I will fight Mr. William McClellan for $2,500 a side, he to be any weight he wants. Or I will fight any man in the world at 140lb for the same amount, the fight to take place halfway between home and home. I am traveling with the Donovan & Maynard Combination, and will be in San Francisco about the first of December.

If Mr. William McClellan wants to fight for purses I will guarantee that if he comes to San Francisco there will be $2,000 purse raised for us to fight for. Now, if he agrees to guarantee to me the same amount, I will come up with him on whether I go to New York or he comes to San Francisco; and to show that I mean business, I will deposit $50 your hands that I will furnish the $2,000 purse. I agree to place your hands $1,000 in case I win the toss, and I'll expect Mr. McClellan to do the same if he wins the toss; the balance of the purse to be in your hands the day before the fight.

My backer has $50 now in your hands, and in case no one has accepted Geo. F. Smith's challenge he wants that left for me, to show that I mean business. Yours respectfully,

MICHAEL DONOVAN, San Francisco, Cal.

DONOVAN AND WILLIAMS.

Upon the conclusion of their lengthy engagement at the Bella Union Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., Mike Donovan and Harry Maynard organized a combination, composed, besides them selves, of Sam Rickey and partner, George Reynolds and Mike Kirk, and several other well-known variety performers, and started out on a tour, with good prospects. At last accounts they were engaged at the Alhambra Theatre, Virginia City, where Donovan and Maynard's boxing exhibitions were greeted with applause nightly, and had the effect of stirring up those of the residents of the Silver City who make pretensions to fistic ability of a quality superior to that of which the ordinary run of mere glove practitioners can boast. Among them was "Bing" Williams, the Cornish miner, who, it may be remembered, fought and whipped Jim Chatham, Aug. 24, 1874, after contesting 3h. 11m., and was beaten by Chatham on a foul, May 4, 1875, at the end of 1h. and 12m. Bing and his friends talked pretty loudly of what he could do and what he would like to do with Mike, who at first paid no attention to their rather distasteful remarks and insinuations; but finally, upon being interviewed by a newspaper fiend, said that he visited Virginia as a member of the Donovan & Maynard Combination, not as a fighter, but that if Williams was looking to fight he could get it by showing the color of his money and making a match according to rule, as his (Mike's) money was always ready, and he was prepared to make a match upon a moment's notice. This sort of talk was, seemingly, something for which the Williams men were unprepared, as they ceased bothering Mike at once, and shortly afterward the sporting men of the leading sports of the place offered to give a purse of $1,200 to be fought for, Williams didn't manifest any desire to try conclusions with Mike, and accordingly, Nov. 16, however, there was a possibility of their coming together, and the contest for which Donovan was then so anxious has probably ere this been arranged.

THE CAST-IRON MAN.

Some time ago Charles Collins, familiarly known as "The Cast-iron Man" on account of the wonderful nerve his friends say he has on different trying occasions shown himself to be possessed, was obliged to quit his professional duties as teacher of sparring at Col. Monstery's Academy, on Sixth avenue, this city, and place himself under treatment for an affection of the throat, from which he had for weeks been suffering, and which threatened to become serious if not promptly attended to. During the latter part of October he became an inmate of Bellevue Hospital, from where, a week or so later, he was taken to St. Luke's Hospital. The bronchial tubes were so much inflamed that breathing was to him an operation that was both very painful and extremely difficult, and on the night of Oct. 31 (or believe) his case took much worse than a strangulation appeared imminent, and to afford relief and save his life it became necessary to perform an operation, which was successfully done that night, the patient's throat being cut open and a silver tube inserted through which to breathe. The sufferer bore the infliction without winching, and after the delicate attentions of the surgeon were concluded experienced great relief. Col. Monstery visits him as often as business duties will permit or occasion may demand, and sees that Collins does not want for anything that he may require and that the instructions which he is under treatment for are not neglected. The Colonel called there on Sunday morning, 24th inst., and has kindly taken the trouble to inform us that he is convalescing rapidly, and will soon be able to be about again. It is probable, however, that his voice will be permanently affected, as there is a partial paralysis of the vocal chords.

MAYNARD AND HALLINAN.

We take the following from *The Virginia City* (Nev.) *Chronicle*: "Harry Maynard and Jack Hallinan then took the ring, and on the first round each party showed that they had understood each other, and blows were given and taken in true artistic style. In the second round Hallinan opened hostilities with a well-intended left hander, which Maynard, with his well known agility, avoided, as also a following right-hander; but on the fourth attempt Hallinan got in a terrific one, staggering the Australian and sending him backwards. Maynard, however, soon kept his usual coolness, and returned immediately a half-dozen quick left handers in Hallinan's face. In the third round and wind-up Maynard let in a lively counter on the Virginian's head, receiving in return two heavy ones on the ribs and a smashing right hander in the face. Maynard, making the next lead, received Hallinan's left, which sent him to his knees. Rising, he drove his antagonist in a lively manner to the ropes, where several rapid exchanges were indulged in, much to the excitement of the audience. Again getting in the centre of the ring, several blows were given and taken by both, closing with good work on both sides. Since the contest, which seems to have bred considerable feeling and excitement between the supporters of both men, it is reported efforts are being made for the men to meet with thin gloves, for which Hallinan is desirous. Maynard, however, declines any such contest, on the ground that he left the ring fofever on the conclusion of his contest with Hogan in this city." However, a correspondent, writing from the theatre of war on Nov. 17, intimates that there is every likelihood of a match for $500 a side being arranged.

JOHNNY KEENAN and other clever boxers residing in the City of Quakers will go on to Boston to spar at Johnny Clark's benefit, which takes place at Beethoven Hall, Washington street, on Thanksgiving night, and promises to be a big affair. On the following night Clark has a show in Providence, R. I.

BILLY FIELDS, "The Steel Man," will take a benefit at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon (Thanksgiving), when he will present a full programme, receiving the assistance of a number of Al boxers, and winding-up with a middle-weight of note from California.

STEVE TAYLOR of Jersey City, N. J., has an exhibition at the Opera-house there on Dec. 2, when he will be assisted by first-class metropolitan boxers, and Prof. Laflin has promised to don the mittens with Steve in winding up the show.

BILLY MCLEAN AND FRED SMITH have made an agreement to spar 30 minutes with blackened gloves, for $50 a side, on Dec. 20, at some place yet to be selected in Philadelphia.

JOHN MANSELL will have a complimentary benefit Nov. 27 at Memorial Hall, Philadelphia; the wind-up being between Mansely and Spurrow Golden.

JOE GOSS AND PROF. MILLER have not yet come to an agreement for that blackened-glove contest, but they probably will.

FRED HILL, a heavy-weight professor of the art, has opened a sparring school on West State street, Columbus, O.

JIM COLBERT AND SONS have opened their new clubhouse at 1,728 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Continued from page 267.

DRAMATIC.

ACCORDING to an elaborate calculation comparing the receipts of the Paris theatres from May to the end of October during the year of the Exhibition of 1867 with those of the same period this year, the difference in favor of this year of grace is no less than $300,000.

MISS MAY HOWARD, the well-known American actress, has arrived in England. Her services have been secured by Clarence Holt and Charles Wilmot, through her agent, J. W. Currans, and she was to have made her first appearance at the Duke's Theatre, Holborn, London, on Saturday, Nov. 23, in "Miss Multon."

MUSICAL.

MLLE. DUPARC, a young singer of great promise, has just made her debut at the Eldorado Concert Hall, Paris.

MR. WADMORE, a most promising English vocalist, died on Nov. 4, after a brief illness, at the early age of 29. On Wednesday, Oct. 30, he sang at the Covent-garden promenade concert, London, and was taken ill on Friday.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE HANLON-LEES have brought out a pantomime at the Folies-Bergere, Paris.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

MOORE AND BURGESS are organizing a troupe for the purpose of picking up whatever spare money may be floating about in the English provincial towns. *The Figaro* thinks this announcement will astonish many of those who believed the chief strength of the minstrels to consist in the fact that they "never performed out of London."

CIRCUSES.

WILSON'S CIRCUS opened the Winter season in Calcutta, India, Nov. 10. Omar Kingsley, James Lee, Shields, Airic and Bob Johnson are still with the party.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAVE CARSON'S TROUPE at last reports was in Shanghae, China, and the Fakir of Ooloo and Prof. Fay are in Japan.

AMUSEMENTS.

TONY PASTOR'S.
TONY PASTOR'S.
THREE MATINEES THIS WEEK!
REGULAR MATINEE TUESDAY.
EXTRA MATINEE THANKSGIVING-DAY.
REGULAR MATINEE FRIDAY.
THE LEADING SPECIALTY THEATRE OF AMERICA.
GUS WILLIAMS,
SCHOOLCRAFT AND COES, HENRY CARNEY,
FANNIE REANE, CHARLES GILDAY,
KITTY O'NEIL, WOOD AND BEASLEY,
LOUISE MONTAGUE, MORRIS AND GREENE,
J. W. MCANDREWS.
TONY PASTOR
APPEARS AT
EVERY ENTERTAINMENT.
A BRILLIANT PROGRAMME.
A GRAND ARRAY OF
36-1t DISTINGUISHED STARS.

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
Lessees and Managers.....FISKE & HARKINS
THANKSGIVING-WEEK.
MONDAY and TUESDAY.....KING LEAR
WEDNESDAY, THANKSGIVING-NIGHT and SATURDAY, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
FRIDAY.....(only time).....RICHARD THE SECOND
SATURDAY MATINEE, at 1.30.....HAMLET
Thanksgiving Matinee, Alfa Merrill in THE HUNCHBACK.
36-1t

STANDARD THEATRE,
BROADWAY and 33D STREET.
WM. HENDERSON.....Proprietor and Manager
THIRD WEEK of Mrs. Rita Henderson's successful drama,
ALMOST A LIFE.
Houses crowded with delighted audiences.
MAUD GRANGER and the entire company in the cast.
MATINEE THANKSGIVING-AFTERNOON.
EVERY EVENING and SATURDAY MATINEE, 1:30.
POPULAR PRICES. 36-1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers
THANKSGIVING HOLIDAY WEEK.
An entirely new American domestic drama,
YOULIE, OR KINDER-LIEBE.
By J. C. WILLIAMSON AND MISS MAGGIE MOORE
in two new parts. Three new songs.
New scenery and appointments and a great cast.
GRAND HOLIDAY MATINEE THANKSGIVING-DAY, and Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. 36-1t

NATIONAL MARIONETTES,
49TH STREET AND 8TH AVENUE.
Wm. Rihlson, Proprietor. F. A. McClane, Stage-manager.
Open all the year round. Write and get a date. 36-1t*

WINDSOR THEATRE.
MR. BOBBY NEWCOMB.....Business-manager
Monday, Nov. 25. The success of New York. Mammoth bill. Mr. John Pierce, Master Barney and Clark, Mackin and Griffin, Fayette Welch, Prof. Sawyer, Lottie Archer, McCullough and Chase, Bessie and Alice, Carrol, Miles Morris, Josephine Howland, Lizzie Richmond, Emma Hoffman, Lydia Rosa and the great Bensley. First-class variety talent wishing dates will address as above. 36-1t*

BOOTH'S THEATRE.
POPULAR PRICES
25 CENTS. 50 CENTS. 75 CENTS.
NO RESERVED SEATS MORE THAN 75 CENTS.
NOV. 25,
AND EVERY EVENING,
MARIE GORDON,
in the beautiful play
THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.
BOX-OFFICE NOW OPEN. 36-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
FERDINAND W. HOFELE.....Manager
The drama, in six acts and ten tableaux, entitled
BALSAMO THE SORCERER,
an adaptation from the French of Dumas by the author and actor MR. ROBERT JOHNSTON,
who is specially engaged for the title-role.
Thanksgiving matinee, four glorious plays. Dec. 2, Miss Rose Lisle and Edward Arnott in THE FOUNDLINGS, a more exciting play than "The Two Orphans." 36-1t

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS
Opera-house, Broadway and Twenty-ninth street.
THE FAMILY RESORT.
PATRONIZED BY THE ELITE AND FASHION.
THE INIMITABLE AND ONLY
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS
IN NEW LAUGHABLE SCENES, SONGS, JOKES, ETC.
Call at 8, and we'll make it pleasant for you.
SEATS SECURED. MATINEE SATURDAY at 2.
EXTRA MATINEE THANKSGIVING-DAY. 36-1t*

THEALL & CARTON'S
NOVELTY THEATRE,
FIFTH STREET AND SOUTH FOURTH,
BROOKLYN, E. D.
SEASON COMMENCED SEPT. 16.
VARIETY AND DRAMATIC STARS
and
COMBINATIONS
WISHING DATES,
WRITE IMMEDIATELY. 36-4t

ABERLE'S TIVOLI THEATRE, Eighth street, between Second and Third avenue.
JACOB ABERLE.....Proprietor
THE LEADING VARIETY AND ONLY LEGITIMATE MUSIC HALL IN THE CITY.
OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
The largest and best company in the city.
60 FIRST-CLASS STARS. Burlesque, Ballet, Olio, Gymnastic, Pantomime. First-class artists only desiring engagements, address as above. 21-tf

NIBLO'S GARDEN THEATRE.
EDWARD F. STARLIN.....Proprietor and Manager
MONDAY, NOV. 25, FOR THIS WEEK ONLY,
the great sensational drama by BARTLEY CAMPBELL, author of "Risks," "Peril," "Fate," etc., etc., entitled
THE VIGILANTES, A STORY OF CALIFORNIA IN '56,
with new scenery, costumes, properties, etc., and a most excellent cast.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2 P. M.
A grand extra Matinee Thanksgiving-day. 36-1t*

NATIONAL GARDEN
VARIETY THEATRE,
104 BOWERY, 106
NEW YORK.
Open all the year round.
FIRST-CLASS TALENT
WANTED AT ALL TIMES.
Address MICHAEL HEUMANN
36-4t* Sole Proprietor and Manager.

HARRY MINER'S
NEW THEATRE,
165 and 167 Bowery, New York.
Artists please address
HARRY MINER,
24-tf Sole Proprietor and Manager.

VOLKS' GARDEN
VARIETY THEATRE,
199 BOWERY, OPP. SPRING. 201
The London Music Hall of America.
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.
MRS. PAUL FALK.....Proprietress
WM. T. GIESELBERG.....Manager
CAPT. GEO. T. SHAW.....Stage-manager
First-class talent wanted at all times. Those having engagements must send in their business one week in advance, or they will be erased from the books.
All communications answered. Address
22-tf MRS. PAUL FALK.

THE LONDON.
235 AND 237 BOWERY,
OPPOSITE PRINCE STREET
THEATRE OPEN
ALL THE YEAR ROUND
Artists wishing one or two weeks, please address as above.
ARTISTS OF ABILITY AND REPUTATION
will do well to
APPLY AT ONCE FOR DATES. 1-tf

JERSEY CITY VARIETIES,
343 GROVE STREET.
HAMILTON & KERRIGAN.....PROPRIETORS
FEMALE TALENT WANTED.
36-1t* C. H. DOCKSTADER, Manager.

BARNUM'S
GREATEST SHOW
IN GILMORE'S GARDEN.
LAST WEEK.
VERY BEST PROGRAMME OF THE SEASON.
Admission, 50cts. or 50cts. Reserved cushioned armchair, 50cts. extra. Children under nine, 50cts. Doors open at 1 and 7 P. M. Grand Entree, one hour later. 36-1t*

B. B. INDIG.
PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

I desire to inform my friends and patrons, who the past few years so kindly patronized the concern I represented in the theatrical line, that I have closed my engagement with them, and shall from this date be the man at the wheel to pilot my own concern. I trust to those who desire honorable, diligent and just dealing, and, above all things, true satisfaction in what I offer, not to forget me. I shall present a complete line of Silk Tights and Shirts, Worsted Tights and Shirts, and also my Model Pads for calf and thigh. A guaranteed fit in every instance—in fact, I shall carry everything of a woven nature. Trusting my name will not be lost to memory, I am yours very respectfully and simply,

B. B. INDIG.

Address me until further notice care of EAVES, Costumer, 32 East Twelfth street, near Broadway, New York. 36-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
First week of the production of Mr. Edward Harrigan's NEW AND ORIGINAL IRISH DRAMA,
comprising a prologue and three acts, and entitled
LORGAIRE.
New Scenes, Costumes, Machinery, etc., and NEW AND APPROPRIATE MUSIC, including an ORIGINAL OVERTURE, written expressly for the piece by Mr. DAVE BRAHAM.
No MONEY or LABOR has been spared in endeavoring to produce this last effort of Mr. Harrigan's in a manner to insure the SUCCESS IT REALLY DESERVES.
The company has been selected from the most reliable and competent actors in the profession.
Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN.....as.....THE LORGAIRE
Mr. TONY HART.....as.....TERRY MULLAHEY
THURSDAY, THANKSGIVING DAY, EXTRA MATINEE.
THURSDAY, Dec. 5, Benefit for the NEW ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL. LORGAIRE and a host of volunteers.
E. W. H. GRIFFIN,
36-1t Manager.

PARK THEATRE.
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
ENGAGEMENT FOR FOUR WEEKS ONLY
OF THE COMEDIANS MESSRS.
ROBSON AND CRANE,
ROBSON AND CRANE,
ROBSON AND CRANE,
COMMENCING MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 25,
EVERY EVENING AT 8, AND
THANKSGIVING AND SATURDAY MATINEES AT 2,
SHAKESPEARE'S
COMEDY OF ERRORS,
COMEDY OF ERRORS,
COMEDY OF ERRORS,
with every scene new by Heister; mechanical effects and properties by Weaver and Henry; costumes by Eaves Hatter and Berg.
Produced under the direction of Chas. Webb.
Dromio of Syracuse.....Mr. Stuart Robson
Dromio of Ephesus.....Mr. Wm. H. Crane 36-1t

BROADWAY THEATRE,
CORNER THIRTIETH STREET.
EDGAR & FULTON.....Lessees and Managers.
LAST NIGHTS. FOURTH WEEK.
MR. GEORGE S. KNIGHT
and
MRS. SOPHIE WORRELL KNIGHT
in Marsden's amusing local play
OTTO, A GERM,
introducing them in all their specialties.
EVERY EVENING,
MATINEES.....WEDNESDAY, THANKSGIVING-DAY, SATURDAY.
. SPECIAL MATINEE THANKSGIVING-DAY.
POPULAR PRICES. 36-1t

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
CORNER FERRY AND RIVER STREETS, TROY, N. Y.
RUSSELL & YOUNG.....Proprietors.
Permanent and transient boarders taken at reasonable rates. MARTIN RUSSELL. S. V. E. YOUNG. 36-13t

NEW PROFESSIONAL SONGS.
CASEY'S SOCIAL CLUB.....35c.
IN SILVERY LIGHT (Waltz song).....40c.
ONE MORE DANCE.....40c.
MARRIAGE BELLS (Song and dance).....40c.
LITTLE CHERRY BLOSSOM.....40c.
36-1t* HARDING'S, 229 Bowery, opposite Prince.

TO AMATEURS, PROFESSIONALS.—MAGIC.—For sale, magician's complete outfit, very cheap, owner retiring. 36-1t* Address MAGIC, care of CLIPPER.

LOUISE POMEROY WILL complete her Southern tour Dec. 9. Wanted, good legitimate actors and actresses, to fill vacancies for Western tour, commencing Dec. 10. Season, twenty weeks. Apply immediately, stating salary and business.
JOHN W. EDWARDS.
OPERA-HOUSE,
36-1t NASHVILLE, TENN.

HARRY WESTON,
BUSINESS-MANAGER, DISENGAGED.
36-1t* Address No. 123 Linton place.

CARD.
WASHINGTON HALL VARIETIES.
Isaac Y. Tuller, Proprietor and Manager, Wenzel, Stage-manager. Open for the Fall and Winter season. Ladies wanted at all times. Salaries low, but sure. Address as above. 36-1t*

NOTICE
TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
CHARLES WHITE, the Veteran Animal Trainer and Performer, can be engaged for the coming season with any reliable show. Address care of CLIPPER office. 36-1t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—
A MAGICIAN AND VENTRILOQUIST
FOR A GIFT SHOW.
LONG ENGAGEMENT.
Address WASH BLODGETT,
Girard House, St. Louis, Mo.
N. B.—Those expecting a FANCY SALARY NEED NOT APPLY. 36-1t*

JOE GAYLORD
THE VETERAN
BUSINESS-MANAGER OR AGENT
CAN BE ENGAGED.
Acquainted with every route in both hemispheres. Eighteen years' experience. Salary to suit the times. Address 175 Jefferson street, Philadelphia, Pa. 36-1t*

GREKEN-DALI AND WIFE, JUVENILES OR GENERAL BUSINESS. Salary low. Address 47 Jackson street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 36-1t*

CHOICE BANJO, GUITAR AND VIOLIN SHEET MUSIC. Circulars mailed free. 36-1t* EDMUND CLARK, No 285 Bowery, New York.

WOOD'S MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE,
RIDGEWOOD, BROOKLYN.
193, 195 and 197 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
Professionals visiting Brooklyn can find first-class accommodation, pleasant rooms and good board at $1 per day. 36-1t*

SONGS, DRAMAS,
Burlesques, Lectures, etc., written to order
Apply to WM. R. WATTS,
36-1t* 116 Hester street, New York.

MS. COPIES OF "OUR CLUB" for sale. Price $50. Also
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WANTED AT ONCE—AN ACTOR TO make himself useful—shirt, shape and haubert; good modern wardrobe; very low salary. Address MANAGER, Norwich, N. Y. 36-1t*

FOR SALE CHEAP—Two fine Clog Suits, new Clog Music, Song-and-dance Shoes, etc., at WM. ROBERTS & SON, Clog-makers, 110 9th av., N. Y. City. 1t*

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A FIRST-CLASS E AND B FLAT CORNET-PLAYER and Band leader desires to locate permanently. Is a thorough and experienced leader. Would teach a band or two on salary, if required. Best of reference. Southern or Western States preferred. Address
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Time of meals arranged to ACCOMMODATE THEATRICAL PATRONAGE. 36-7t*

TO MANAGERS, AGENTS AND WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—ALMOST A LIFE having been duly copyrighted and all rights reserved, any infringement on the same will be dealt with according to law. The above play will be produced throughout the country during the season under my management. WM. HENDERSON. 36-1t

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THE CHAMPION FINGER-BILLIARDIST OF THE WORLD.

AMERICAN MUSEUM AND VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Arch, cor. 9th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. FRANK B. ("YANK") ADAMS.—SIR: I have played you for one week at my theatre, and I consider you one of the STRONGEST CARDS I have ever presented to the public. Your refined and gentlemanly appearance adds greatly to your exhibition. I shall be pleased to play you again at any date you may name in the future.

Yours, W. J. GILMORE.

BILLIARDS AS AN AMUSEMENT.—The game of billiards has been advancing rapidly in popular favor for several years past, and in no less proportion have the skill and dexterity of its professional exponents increased and tended to astonish and mystify the uninitiated portion of the public. The surprising feats performed by numerous well-known knights of the cue have furnished a thousand entertaining themes for conversation in billiard circles, as well as among those who are only occasional spectators at exhibitions of the art. But wonderful as is the command of the balls possessed by many of these players, it is not going too far to say that their greatest exploits are fairly eclipsed by the performances of Mr. Adams, who is now giving daily and nightly exhibitions of his attainments at the American Museum, Xinth and Arch streets. This gentleman uses no cue, but plays only with his fingers, and the results of his manipulation of the balls are of so remarkable a character that they not only bewilder the spectator, but the performer himself confesses his inability to explain many of them. Of course it is impossible to convey on paper anything like an adequate conception of these feats, for they should be seen to be appreciated.—PHILADELPHIA PAPER.

Mr. Adams plays at the Baltimore Academy of Music, one week, commencing Nov. 25; Theat

THE CITY ROOSTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Unfortunate rooster! who more deserving of pity than you? Deserted and lonely,
You strut over cobblestones here in the slums of the city,
With one aged hen, and one only.

The glory, the strength, the pride of your race have departed,
Your nature itself is erratic;
You're weak in the legs, and show, by you're tail, you're faint-hearted,
While even your crow is asthmatic.

You never have known the freedom of rural existence,
The quiet of country places—
Or, if you have, they are lost in memory's distance,
Along with your chickenhood's graces.

The bustle, the roar, the city's monotonous thunder—
To you, these have grown an old story;
A re-set on an ashbox and search in the gutter for plunder—
That measures your conquest and glory.

Have you no courage to grapple with Fate, the stern rixer,
To crow at her till you've induced her
To give you the chance more civilized circles to mix in,
And be a respectable rooster?

At times do you feel no regrets, as leaden as bullets,
And rise there ever a vision
Of corn-cribs, of haylofts, of hens and altruistive young pullets,
Of polygamous barnyards Elysian?

'Tis true you're deserving of pity, and pity of pities
That here, in the gutters, thou prowlest;
For surely you've learned the civilization of cities
To low is barbarity foulest.

And well for those happier birds, that gobble and frolic
Where mud and misfortune come never,
Whose cornful and burdenless lives are all poetry bucolic,
Till they merge into poultry forever!

Unfortunate rooster! Crestfallen, alone, melancholy,
I fancy this truth you would utter:
No doubt to be cock of the walk is all very jolly,
But not to be cock of the gutter!

DRIFTING TO DOOM;
OR,
A MAZY MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY WM. R. EYSTER,

Author of "King Dick, A Tale of New Orleans and St. Louis," "Branded and Mad," "Wild Nat a Brigade," "Zanthe," "The Free Trapper's Pass," "Through War and Fire," "The Haunted Hunter," etc.

ENTERED IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY FRANK QUEEN, IN THE YEAR 1878.

CHAPTER IV.—WHERE IS MY DAUGHTER?

After a horrible, wholesale slaughter on the rail, there is always a profuse amount of journalistic indignation and official explanation—gratifying and reasoning to those who were not on the train. In this case the explanation was so simple that the papers were almost ashamed to publish it; and the presidents and directors looked aghast at the possible bill of damages to be sanctioned by the courts at no very distant period.

It seems that the express train, composed of engine and six cars, found a switch open, and, hustled on a siding at the rate of forty miles an hour, went crashing through an empty car or two, then up a short inclined plane, striking a huge post that was fixed in an upright position at the end of the side track. There the engine made a complete somersault, casting the engineer and fireman clean out of the caboose and clear of the wreck, falling a mashed mass, upon which alighted car after car, with all their living freight. After that help came, and they began to carry away the corpses. Unfortunately, there were many of the latter, and many poor, mangled creatures who had missed reaching death's door by no very far remove. One by one they were borne away to such places of accommodation as were most convenient. The houses of the straggling little town near by had each its ghastly guest, and the only hotel was filled with wounded and the dead.

From the telegraph-station the news went flashing, east, west, north and south, of the terrible accident, with its dozen killed and score or more wounded; and, among the few names given, prominent on the list were those of Doctor Williams and wife—the latter dead, the former dangerously wounded.

Williams was found in a crushed, crumpled shape, a jagged splinter from a seat-rail driven into his side, bleeding also from a flesh-wound in his leg, and his left arm broken. His right arm still entwined and clung to a lifeless form—a slight, girlish figure.

The two were taken out together by those who thought that both were dead, yet who handled them with care for the slender hope that somewhere a spark of life might yet be smouldering. A momentary glance was sufficient to show that the woman had been done to death. A terrible stroke had shorn off a large portion of her face, and made a perforation in her skull sufficiently large to drain out the life of a dozen.

The man, however, showed signs of life. His breath came and went in short, labored motions, accompanied by a gurgling, ghastly sound, terribly suggestive.

Gently, yet with some measure of force, they separated the dead and dying, and bore them away to the one hotel, where they were placed in separate rooms.

In a few moments a physician reached the spot. As he had had three years' experience and practice as a surgeon in the army during the late war, his abilities as a surgeon were of no mean order, and he went to work in a wild effort to cure his patient. He examined the person of the wounded man in search of something to show his name and be of service in telegraphing his friends, and by so doing found out his name, and that he had been newly married. All night long the doctor was busily engaged with the wounded in the house, his principal attention being given to Dr. Williams.

It was in such hands and under such circumstances that, a few hours after the crash, Scott Boyd, who had missed, with his usual exceptional good fortune, this very unfortunate train, whilst interested, excited and engaged at the depot found his friend. To say that he was shocked is to speak very mildly; and had he come unprepared upon the scene he might have been totally unmanned. As it was, he was aware beforehand that a terrible accident had occurred, and so was prepared to find his worst fears realized. He sat quietly by the side of the wounded man for an hour or two, watching over the flickering little flame of life, aiding the doctor, who was unremitting in his attentions. A few words had told him upon his arrival the wretched particulars, and he shrank from saying more concerning Annie or her friend. That both were dead he was given to understand, since the corpse of another female had been taken out from the ruined car.

Morning came at last to the haggard watchers. Caleb Williams still lived, though by a miracle, and there was a bare chance for his ultimate recovery. The splinter that had broken through two of his ribs and entered his lung had been withdrawn, his side bandaged, and all that remained to be done was to wait and see if the iron constitution of the man would be sufficiently strong to triumph over the tremendous shock and dreadful drain. Stimulants had to be used most carefully, since a quickening of the circulation might increase the internal hemorrhage, which so far was preternaturally small.

The hour came for breakfast, and Scott Boyd went to the meal with but slender appetite. After that he reverently stood at the doorway of a small hall-room, and gave one glance at the still, mute form stretched upon the bed.

"Poor little woman," he sighed, "yours has been a miserable taking-off, and if it was all to do over again you would never be lying here alone and cold. I'm not soft-hearted, I have seen death in a thousand shapes, but I never felt such a tugging at my heart and moisture in my eyelids before. And I never felt quite so much like an assassin, either."

He closed the door softly and moved away on his tiptoes, communing rather bitterly with himself.

"Singular that they did not bring them all to the same place. I must go and have a last look at the other little woman. What a scoundrel Williams was to elope with the one, and allow the other to accompany her! What another scoundrel I was to aid him in it! 'Money answereth all things,' to be sure, but it brings a sting with it sometimes that is sharp enough; I only hope it will not prove lasting. Perhaps we may forget the sooner for the gilded point. I suppose I must see if their friends have been telegraphed. It would be cruelly wicked to bury them here without friend or relative to stand at their grave-side."

He peeped in at Williams' door to see if he was needed, but his friend lay motionless, and the nurse, whom he had already secured, sat patiently watching. Making a motion with his hand to indicate to this person his intention of being temporarily absent, he turned and went out. From some of the loungers who were eager to talk of anything connected with the accident he obtained information as to where the different victims were to be found, and started out on his mournful quest, torn by the conflicting emotions of aversion and duty.

Immediately after leaving the hotel he could see in the distance the fragments of the wreck, around which was gathered a motley throng, the members of which had collected from the country for miles around. The bad news had traveled on no slow pinion, and had created intense interest, as well as deep indignation at that carelessness of someone which had undeniably caused the slaughter.

No damage had been done to the regular track, the train having shattered itself in pieces over the side of the embankment upon which the warehouse where the accident took place had been built. A short distance beyond there was a little cottage, and there he expected to find the body of which he was in search. He passed the warehouse, approached the house, and even had his hand outstretched to open the gate which stood across the pathway to the door. Just then he heard the whistle of an approaching train, and paused and turned to look behind him. The train stopped for a moment or two to allow a few passengers to spring off, then tore hastily away, as if loth to linger near the spot. Impelled by some strange presentiment, Scott Boyd dropped then and there, for the present at least, his quest, turned sharply, and with rapid strides made his way back to the hotel.

Rapid as were the movements of the detective, those who came by the train were enabled to reach the hostelrie far in advance of him. It would have required that he should change his swift walk into a decided run to outstrip them. To do this he had neither excuse nor reason, yet within he felt an uneasy, nervous impulse that prompted him to the act. Had it not been for the fear of making himself appear ridiculous, there is no doubt that he would have arrived at "The Washington House" at a flying gait.

As he came hurriedly up to the porch, he noted that the loungers had evidently been furnished with some new theme for conversation. A little knot was gathered near the front door, through which they were looking with every symptom of interest, and apparently barely restrained from entering.

A battery of eyes was turned upon Boyd, and, with the readiness that was partly natural to him, partly born of the calling which he had adopted, he saw in their glances some hostile, some inquiring, but all interested.

"That's one of them," he distinctly heard whispered as he came up, and then there was a buzz which refused to be resolved, but which he felt sure referred to himself.

With cool hauteur he strode through the crowd and turned his steps in the direction of Caleb Williams' room. For just a moment he lingered at the threshold; but hearing a voice within, loud and angry, he noiselessly threw the door open, and entered silently and unnoticed. Before him was a scene at once picturesque and terrible. The nurse was cowering back in one corner, with eyes distended in horror and fright. Williams, all bandages and blood, in spite of the danger from his wounds, had raised himself up upon one elbow, and with a face white and quivering listened to the impassioned utterances of a strange man who stood with clenched and upraised hand at his bedside.

A rather elderly man was this stranger, with sunken eyes, square cheek-bones, grizzled locks, and tall, stout figure. There was an evident strength in the well-set frame and large, bony hands, as well as a world of passion in the flashing gray eyes and the tightly setting lips of this man who had appeared suddenly as a spectre, exclaiming:

"You infernal, plotting, cowardly scoundrel, you, where is she, my bright, beautiful pearl, my queen lily of the lilies? It is you that has stolen her, and by the Eternal it is of you, dead or living, that I will require her again. It is well for you that you are lying thus crippled as you are, or I would cripple you worse. Speak, man or thing, and tell me where they have laid her!"

At the withering contempt expressed in the stranger's voice, and the passionate style of his address, Williams seemed to gather strength. His face flushed slightly, and, though a perspiration as of a death-damp broke out on his forehead from the exertion, he forced himself to answer, in a low, quavering tone, yet so distinctly as to be heard across the room:

"You taunt me with my loss! Whose fault but yours is it? Had you been reasonable, she would have been living and I unharmed. Go, seek her there, and say your prayers for pardon over her corpse. Perhaps the Almighty may forgive you—I shall not!"

"You blasphemous wretch!" exclaimed the man, maddened by the cool audacity of the half-dying Williams. "Do you dare to hint that I would or should have given her to you or one of your name? I warned you fairly months ago of what you might expect if you pursued the poor girl, and, though Providence seems to have taken vengeance into its own hand, if it stops at this, by Heavens I shall not, you murdering, pillaging thief!"

"Hand me those clothes," said the wounded man in a hard, thin whisper, "and then say that again."

Something in the words, so hardly rung out, or the gesture and look full of faintness yet determination, seemed for a moment to strike the raging man. He was quiet for an instant, and watched the pallid cheek and half-glazed eyes of the other. The scorn that lingered there spurred him on again. The clothes rested on a chair almost by his side, and with a single sweep he flung them across the bed, exclaiming:

"Rise, Lazarus, the beggar man, rise!"

CHAPTER V.—"YOU VILLAINS, YOU!"

In his own way and time Doctor Caleb Williams was a man of courage and nerve. More than that, his passions, though covered beneath the mask of a well-regulated exterior, raged hotly within, and, if they seldom outran his cool judgment in cases of emergency like the present, they were always spurring him along to the utmost limit of desperate prudence. But now, when there seemed no necessary barriers, when the only limits that he need respect were those of physical capacity, he willingly risked his life, if indeed he did not throw it away, in braving this man who had sought an unwelcome interview.

The clothes fell lightly across the bed, touching the covering upon the breast of Williams in their fall. Instantly he dropped back with an agonized look of pain and a choking sound in his throat, but the struggle to brave it out never ceased. The spasm was beaten away by an extreme effort; his right hand sought the hip-pocket in which, unless lost or removed, he knew rested a pocket-revolver.

"*Now*, Alden, speak to me."

The hand grasped the butt of the revolver as he spoke. Slender, white and weak as were those fingers, there was still strength enough there to draw the trigger, and power of brain and arm sufficient to take a deadly aim. John Alden never was in more deadly danger, though he did not realize the fact, than for the few seconds that, with calming rage, he now confronted the wrought-up man who was nerved with a temporary strength born of madness.

It was well, perhaps, that the entrance of Boyd was not observed. His sudden appearance, as he coolly laid his hand upon Alden's shoulder, and with one powerful twist swung him around towards the door, acted as a sovereign relief to Williams. The moment a friend appeared he recognized his own precarious case and real helplessness, and allowed the whole matter to rest in that friend's hands. Perhaps the reaction would have come at any rate; but he would have striven with one hand upon the throat of death and the other upon his foe before he would have qualled to or asked pardon of Annie Alden's father.

He sank back senseless; then the choking noise in his throat came again with doubled volume of sound, a flood of mingled foam and blood oozed out slowly between the clenched teeth, and spread in a ghastly splotch over the pillow, already clotted with half-dried stains from the wounded head. As Scott Boyd glanced over his shoulder he saw this, and felt as certain as of anything in this world that the last inch of time had been measured for his friend, and death was with him.

The sight filled him with hot rage. The horror with which he had at first glance viewed this unseemly war fled away, bearing with it all pity.

"What devil's work is this?" he shouted in the ear of the man whom we may know as John Alden. "Are you such a fiend as to vent your hate upon a corpse? He is dying even now; away with you, that I may catch at least his last breath. You have murdered him already!"

"Murdered him! Aye, so I hoped to. Why should he be living, and she be dead? Curse you all, you villains—where is my daughter?"

Boyd was brave enough and cool enough; he recognized the condition of unaccountability in which he found this gaunt demon, and would rather have accepted any abuse, short of an actual physical attack, than have lifted a finger against him. At the same time he had no choice between a struggle and seeing Williams expiring without his assistance. Once more he appealed to the man, and this time with, as he hoped, better-chosen words.

"Go seek your daughter, old man. Would to God I could say my hands were clean of all connection with this unhappy affair! I might then join you in the search. Go to the little room at the head of the stairs, and go with hushed breath. There you will find all that is left of the loveliest and the purest."

"I have been there!" shrieked Alden in answer. "What do I want with that corpse? I want my daughter—my daughter, alive and lovely; my daughter as I left her six months ago; my daughter as I dreamed of finding her when I set my foot on shore after six months' absence."

He waved his hands defiantly, with eyes glaring with a brighter and more dangerous look than ever. Without a word of warning as to his intention, he flung aside Scott Boyd's grasp and leaped past him towards the bed.

The nurse, as a woman, had been appalled by the entrance and violent actions of this man; as a woman, also, she had listened; and as a woman, when she knew the last danger of Williams, had mastered her fears, and crept to his bedside to see if anything could yet be done. Her arm was under his neck, and all the fear in her looks had been supplanted by pity, when Alden fiercely caught her by the neck and hurled her aside. Another instant and he would have cast himself upon the motionless form before him.

Scott Boyd flung pity to the winds—he never had been lacking in physical courage. With a spring as fierce as that of Alden's he rushed in and grappled with the man whom grief had rendered a very maniac. Without there was a cry of "Murder!" as someone, attracted by the noise, caught sight of the scene, followed by the sounds of tramping feet. Within, the two men were engaged in a conflict too fierce to last long. A few short, quick blows were given on either side; then, in some way, their grip became broken, and they fell apart. In the brief struggle both had got home, though not heavily; blood was dripping slowly from a cut over Boyd's eye, and the marks of an abrasion by his knuckles were visible upon the cheek-bone of the other. With glaring eyes and clenched fists Alden stood eying his opponent, who faced him with his left hand well up, his right held low down, ready for attack or defense, for blows or the deadly grapple he knew must come. He was no mean proficient in the theory and practice of the manly art of self-defense, but it must be confessed he had never before placed himself in position with such conflicting feelings, or a desire so strong to avoid the one or the other horn of the dilemma. He had tested already the strength of his antagonist, and knew that victory for either would be dearly bought, if fought to the end without outside interference or assistance.

Without any preliminary movement which might serve as a warning, Alden leaped forward without minding or wincing under a couple of flush hits that Boyd delivered with rapidity and precision. He raised his right hand as he came, and shot it out from the shoulder, by chance, straight as a die, casting the whole weight of his body after it.

There was a crash as if someone had discharged a pistol, and Scott Boyd fell to the floor motionless and speechless, with a broken jaw, whilst the room was filled with men who seemed to have waited till this very last moment, and then appeared to fling themselves upon raging John Alden.

Although nearly everyone already understood more or less well the reason for this scene, and the mass of sympathy eventually went with Captain Alden, for the present all were intent upon stopping the affray, which in truth would have been most disgraceful had it not been for the mental unaccountability of the most prominent actors.

In some way, and probably as tenderly as possible, Alden was dragged from the room and carried bodily to another apartment, an anxious messenger being dispatched in hot haste to inform the doctor that his services were more urgently required than ever, and by both his old and a new patient. Boyd was raised and carried to a bed by some, whilst others gazed at the motionless Williams, doubtful whether he was alive or dead.

It was not fated that either Williams or Boyd should then die, though neither knew much of what was going on during the succeeding week. Scott Boyd's recovery was, of course, the more rapid, and before many days he was around again, a trifle pale and with a bandaged jaw, but about as strong otherwise as ever.

With Williams it was different. Although desperately wounded in the collision, and inexpressibly shocked by its consequences, he might have pulled through quite handily had he not been called, in the very deepest depth of his mental and physical pain, to face the father—or, if not the real father, at least the parent by adoption—of Annie Alden. The evil plight into which he then fell was not so easily altered. Scott Boyd, who remained with him persistently, had time enough to sit, with motionless, bandaged jaw, by his bedside, and wait for returning consciousness and the first glimmer of recognition.

One day, when he found Williams was likely to live, he ran down to New York to attend to some necessary private business; but he soon returned, and, with a devotion that had about it a certain *vraisemblance* to nobleness, remained with his late principal until he was in a fit condition to be moved. How much he was bored by the necessary *ennui* pertaining to place and service Williams could very easily guess, and so appreciated fully the frank, cheerful humor which his companion invariably assumed in his presence.

One day, after he became strong enough to converse intelligibly for a few moments at a time, he took occasion to remark on this fact, and suggest that he never knew before what a devoted friend he had.

"Oh, come, now," Boyd answered; "that will do, as they say, for the marines. You don't believe any of that nonsense?"

"Indeed but I do," was the answer. "No one but a friend the most devoted could have endured staying here with me during all these weary days. I know you better and appreciate you more than I had ever expected or cared to."

"Stow that, as we sometimes say in our profession. When I go into anything with a man I count the cost beforehand, and if I once take hold I go clean through. When you get well, and I get on the warpath in some other direction, that will probably be the last you will see of me until you need me again. Friendship is all very well in its way, but this is only what I call acting square."

After that Williams said very little about friendship or any other sentiment, but accepted whatever he got, and found himself now and then repeating thoughtfully the only bit of Scripture that Boyd was given to quoting:

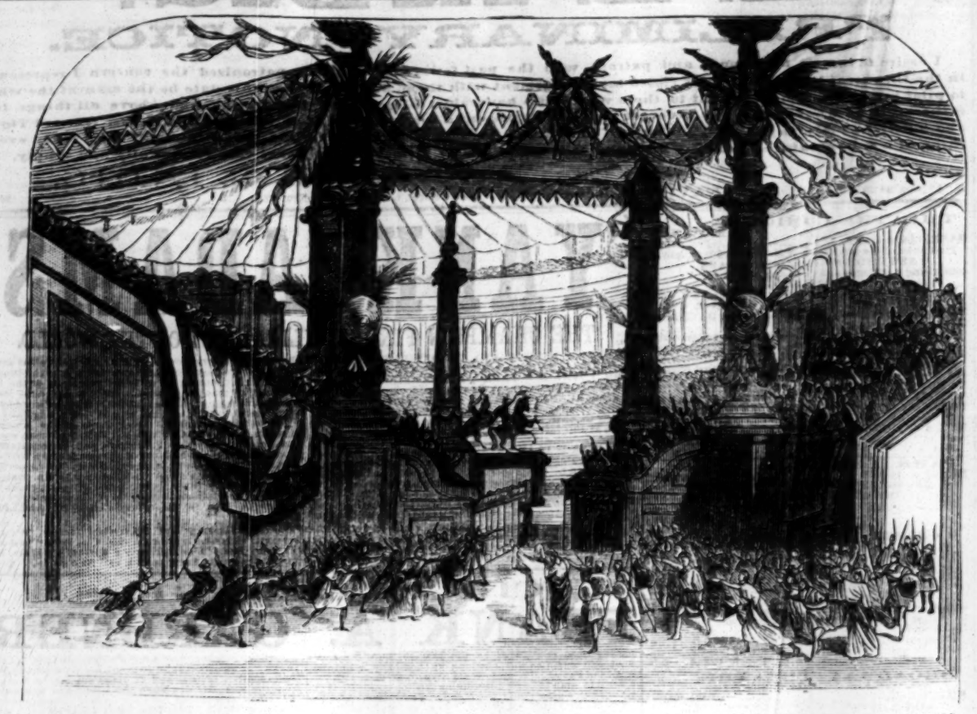
"Money answereth all things."

There came a day when he was able to walk out in the warm sunshine leaning on the arm of his ally. They had said but little either to each other or to outsiders in regard to a certain subject which now was distasteful to them. Alden had left in a few days, that much they knew, and that he had overseen the mournful duties which they had been unable to perform. Further particulars they had not sought, and with rare delicacy or regard for their feelings no one had vouchsafed to offer further particulars.

So, on this lovely day, they strolled silently towards the burying-ground of the little hamlet. It was a small lot, fenced off neatly, and the silent citizens of this village of the dead had been laid in regular rows, not many or long. A few white tombstones shone here and there, whilst others were marked with simple boards. In one row by themselves were half a dozen newly made graves that doubtless held as many victims of the late tragedy, whilst a little apart from the others was a fresh but neatly sodded mound, with a little rose-bush growing at its head. Williams leaned his arms on the fence and looked thoughtfully at this mound for a moment or two, without saying a word; then the two turned and walked away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHALK AND GRAVEL.—The story is told of an amiable, broad-acred English squire that he was never known to swear except at the birth of his seventh daughter, when he was longing for a male heir. In the Old World especially, the sex of children being other than that desired has been a fertile source of vexation; but if we are to believe the following, given on the authority of an English physician, there is a geological explanation for the mystery which until now has nonplussed the faculty. A lady in the Isle of Wight had seven daughters. At the birth of the seventh she said to her ministering Gamp, a particularly intelligent specimen of her order; "What! another daughter?" "Yes, ma'am; and so it always will be while you live here; it is the chalk as does it." At the time this was deemed all nonsense; but it happened that the lady went to live in Sussex, when, as her husband observed, it steadily "set in boys," for she had in turn seven of them. When the seventh appeared Mrs. Gamp beamed with triumph. "Didn't I tell you so, ma'am? Another boy. It's the gravel as does it." There is no saying but that the discovery may considerably affect English real estate, more especially in Sussex.



LAST SCENE IN GOUNOD'S NEW OPERA OF "POLYEUCTE."

This opera, founded upon the Christian legend and Corneille's tragedy, was sung for the first time in Paris, France, during the week ending Oct. 12, 1878. It is said that this composer, from the very outset of his career as such, formed the design of writing this work, but in the form of an oratorio. As its classic severity would be but little suited to the exigencies of an opera-house, the original was modified. The authors of the libretto, Michael Cane and Jules Barbier, have borrowed largely from the great tragic writer, and have preserved his language whenever possible. The plot has not been materially altered. As a whole, the opera did not achieve the success expected, and it is not to be set down as Gounod's masterpiece. There are four scenes admitting a great scenic display, of which the artists took the fullest advantage, and the costumes and appointments were magnificent. The first of these represents the ancient city of Mitylene, with its ramparts and triumphal arch; also the public place in which the people congregate, and in which stands the temple of Jupiter; the second, a scene in the second act, in which Polyeucte receives baptism, shows the river, bordered by trees, at the foot of mountains which rise in the background, presenting a very picturesque appearance; the third, which is the finale of the fourth act, during which Polyeucte throws down the images of the false gods while a sacrifice is being offered in the forum, is a most exciting scene; the closing scene of the fifth and last act, of which we present an engraving, represents the circus, with Polyeucte and Pauline going to martyrdom. As for the plot—if such a word may be applied to so lofty a subject—it has not been materially altered. Polyeucte, laid at Mitylene, the capital of Armenia, during the reign of the Emperor Decius. Polyeucte, a young Armenian noble, has married Pauline, daughter of Felix, Governor of the province. The girl had previously loved Severe, a Roman patrician, but her father had refused her hand to the man of her choice, and Severe had gone to seek in military honors consolation for his disappointed affection. He rises to high command and to the favor of the Emperor, and is sent on a mission to Armenia, still full, it should be stated, of his passion for Pauline, and ignorant that she is now the wife of another. Polyeucte has, in the meanwhile, been converted to Christianity by Nearque. These events are antecedent to the opening of the first scene, which takes place in Pauline's chamber. The young wife has a dream in which her husband appears to her as a Christian, and is about to suffer martyrdom—a terrible vision, destined to prove a reality. Severe comes to Mitylene next day in great pomp to claim the hand of Pauline, and when he hears that she is the bride of another, instead of upbraiding her, he pardons her, yielding to her father's dictates. A sacrifice is offered in the forum to the pagan deities excites the religious fervor of Polyeucte to such a pitch that, followed by a small band of Christians, he invades the sacred precincts and overturns the altars and effigies of the false gods. He is condemned to death, but Pauline and Severe both intercede for him, and Felix consents to spare his life if he will renounce his new-born faith. The Christian hero is, however, obstinate, and, far from striving to escape his doom, courts it, while at the same time bidding Pauline wed his rival after his death. The wife, touched by divine faith, is converted to Christianity by the heroism of her husband, and as the curtain falls we see her matching hand-and-hand with him into the circus to be devoured by lions, while the whole amphitheatre is crowded with the pagan population of the city, eagerly gloating over their sufferings

THE CLOCK OF THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The clock of the village church strikes out,
The ploughman leaves his plough afield,
He wheels his conscious team about—
The hour of rest hath pealed.

The clock of the village church strikes out—
The little girl goes (with her doll) to bed;
She murmurs and whispers a bit, no doubt,
But knows what the clock hath said.

The clock of the village church strikes out—
A dying man hears his passing bell;
He wheels his thoughts from the world about,
And prays that all is well.

Ah! the clock of the church of life strikes out,
A simple and yet a complex peal;
To one it is faith, to another doubt,
And more than a sound of steel.

JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR.

TIPP'S INVESTMENT:
A STORY OF THANKSGIVING-DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

There was not much for Tipp Connor to be thankful for that blustering November morning. His bleak little room was without a fire, and so cold that Tipp shivered all over while he was dressing himself. No visions of a turkey-dinner rose before his one hungry eye. The prospects of even a frugal breakfast were not overbright. Still, while he shivered he chuckled to himself, and now and then hummed softly the air of a rollicking song. Even the sharp knock at the door, although it was by no means a welcome sound, did not drive the good humor out of his face.

"In one minute, Mrs. Otis!" he called out, buttoning his waistcoat and drawing on his well-worn pea-jacket. "In just one minute—

"There's a letter in the candle —'
Walk right in. I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Otis!"

Perhaps that lady believed her lodger, and perhaps not. She stood staring at him a moment in a doubting way; then folded her arms and said with significant emphasis:

"Yes, I reckon you're mighty glad to see me—mighty!"

"I am, I assure you," rejoined Tipp, with the utmost earnestness. "Won't you be seated, Mrs. Otis?"

"No, sir; I didn't come here to sit down. I came to find out whether you mean to pay me the four weeks' rent due for this room. You know well enough, Mr. Connor, everybody knows, for that matter—as how I'm a kind-hearted woman. And it was out of compassion for you, seeing as how you're a poor, deformed cripple, with only one eye, that I took you in, Mr. Connor, and never pressed you for money, as you know, and never took anything when you didn't have it to give. But it's four times you've paid me a dollar a blessed cent, and for ten days I've been trying to see you, and a climax has got to come, Mr. Connor. I may say as how a climax *has* come."

Mrs. Otis was here obliged to pause, not for want of words, but breath. Tipp eyed her a little reproachfully, stroked his chin, on which a two-weeks' beard stood out in bristles, and asked, in the mildest of voices:

"Might I inquire, Mrs. Otis, what the climax is to which you refer?"

"The climax, Mr. Connor, is that if you don't pay me what's owing to me you can't occupy this room any longer."

"Let me see," remarked Tipp reflectively. "I am in arrears, you say, a month's rent. Four times two and a half is ten—ten dollars. That is the amount, is it?"

"Yes, sir. And if anybody needs the money it's me, Mr. Connor, which I wouldn't say if it wasn't the truth."

"I know you wouldn't, Mrs. Otis. I don't for a moment doubt that you need the money. And you shall have it. I will not again enter this apartment until I have paid the full amount. This, as you are probably aware, is Thanksgiving. I will give you cause to be truly thankful. I will settle my bill before I retire to-night."

There was so much of sincerity in Tipp's tone that it had its effect upon the skeptical Mrs. Otis. She withdrew, evidently convinced that her lodger meant what he said, and that, in some mysterious manner, he would obtain the money before the day was at an end.

It was still early in the morning when Tipp himself sallied forth from the modest house in which he lodged. I have already said that there was little enough for him to be thankful for that November day. From his youth up hard luck had been the lot of Tipp Connor. He was but a boy when the explosion of a toy pistol resulted in the loss of one of his eyes. He had hardly reached manhood before he was made a cripple by a railroad-accident, in which nobody was to blame, and for which the law provided no redress. He had once fallen heir to a small fortune, two or three thousand dollars, which he was persuaded to invest in mining stocks. He had waited twenty-five years for his inheritance; he lost it all in three weeks. He had a talent for invention, and after months of patient toil succeeded in producing a new brake for railroad-cars; but on the very day he perfected his idea Somebody Else got out a patent on the same contrivance. The Somebody Else made a hundred thousand dollars, and Tipp had his labor for his pains. He had a mind which could invent fiction as well as machinery. Once he constructed the plot for a play, and recounted it minutely to a literary friend to get the latter's opinion. The friend thought it capital. Tipp was encouraged, and began to think about writing the play. While he was still thinking, the friend built a drama upon the plot, brought it out at a popular theatre, and it held the boards for a hundred nights. The friend pocketed ten thousand dollars as his share of the receipts, and generously gave Tipp a complimentary ticket to witness the performance.

Were I to enumerate all the misfortunes that fell to the lot of Tipp Connor, this narrative would assume the proportions of a bulky volume. The instances already cited may serve as an illustration of the whole. Fate seemed to take a vicious delight in keeping Tipp alive, apparently for no other reason than to knock him down as often as he got upon his feet. But Tipp was equal to Fate. When the pistol exploded blowing out one of his eyes, he found abundant reason to be thankful in the fact that his other eye was spared. When the car-wheels crushed his left foot, tears of gratitude trickled down his cheek because his right foot escaped uninjured. When he lost his little fortune in stock speculation, he fairly chuckled with delight, thinking how he had paid a month's rent in advance while the money was still in his possession. When Somebody Else profited by his patent brake, he rejoiced in the thought that the world, at least, would have the benefit of the invention; and when he saw his own plot worked into a drama, it afforded him genuine satisfaction to know that his friend was coining money out of material which he had furnished. What need to set apart any one day for thanksgiving, if we were all like Tipp Connor?

The November day was blustering and chill. Tipp hobbled along on a crutch—the railroad company which had cut off his foot magnanimously supplied him with this extra leg—hobbled along at a rate which was surprising, if one chanced to be ignorant of the fact that he had practiced the art of crutch-locomotion for twenty years. It must be confessed that he did not share his landlady's faith in his ability to raise the much-needed ten dollars. A careful investigation of his available assets showed that these amounted to precisely thirteen c[ents]. Tipp rarely troubled himself to make a c[areful] investigation of his liabilities, which was [on the] whole, perhaps, a wise proceeding. He co[uld not] from his mind the pressing na[me of Mrs. Otis']

THE "REGULATOR."

A ten-barreled gun which hangs in "first-entrance" very handy to stage-manager. It is constructed so as to "go off" on slightest provocation, and is loaded with grape, shrapnel, chain-shot, duck-shot (to dazzle and "phase" the performer if the other shot doesn't tell), bombshells, flour, clubs and billiard-balls. It will be used this season on performers who refer to "The Clock," "Dorkins," "Baby His'n," or "The Tardy By-and-bye," who offer "ladies and gentlemen an imitation of *sew* beginners in a clog," who will be "Pretty as a Picture" in the *real* Aimee style with that charming lady's cunning dialect, expression of voice and knees; who will *insist* on doing personal cavatinas to the parties in the box, and frankly confessing "I mean that gent with the dark-blue hair;" who *will* show their capabilities of wind by dancing one hour and sixty minutes on a pedestal-slab three inches wide; and who *will* say "We will now sing a duet, though we don't often duet!" The "Regulator" will also be used to good purpose in "spoiling" some of those orchestra leaders who "knock the life" out of a good encore by taking a short snooze (or at least consuming time enough for it) before starting in on the next song of the turn. (Oh, the serio-comic "cusses," the ballad anathema, and "common" expressions generally, in the wings for this same cause.) The "Regulator" will also be used for those end-men who, to wind up their gags in the blaze of glory, fall back on G. Washington and other well-known parties who were not originally intended for the minstrel business. The "Regulator" will also cultivate the acquaintance of those "minstrel boys" of all kinds whose "songs are all our own—written and composed by ourselves out of *our own* heads—even wrote the copyright."

North-of-Ireland gents who will *not* begin their stories any other way than "As I was a-goin' down the street, some boys," etc., etc., and who will say "Be Heavens" after *every* point, will be "visited" by the contents of the Regulator also. The "Regulator" is ready for business!

Look out for the gun!

"FAVES."

One of the "Favorites" gave it to me in this way: "Faves, eh? Well, see me smile! Faves? Well, I should say so! Faves from Fifty (Philadelphia favorites, good reader) were nowhere. We was the biggest faves that ever struck the place, you hear me cackle? We caught 'em wild every night, and always got our little recep (reception, surely); and 'hogged 'em' aint the word, nor 'paralyzed 'em' neither. We simply laid 'em out; and that there encore fake of ours, that 'Boneless Dark's' snap, yer know, just about made the Gaul Brothers sick, that did. Well, we used to pack that house, didn't we, pards? And after our act the house used to take a puke, didn't it, pards? We could a-stayed there forever, if we wanted to, couldn't we, pards? Everybody hated to see us go, and all we have got to do now is to touch the wires, and we kin go back any time, can't we, pards! Yes, sir, we can always go back. That comes of being 'Faves.' You see, if you're naturally jam full of talent, and 'shake' 'snide' 'snape,' be 'toney' in your 'biz,' 'fake' up 'great' acts like our 'Sooty Showers,' and keep your 'form' well togged, you won't have to press 'tie-sap,' tote empty 'grips,' or 'stand-off' the landy,' but kin be a sure 'draw,' pull in your little envelope full of 'boodle' reg'lar, catch a 'mash' every time, and be a reg'lar 'Fave' out and out—at least, that is my little scheme, pards!"

And we have a sort of notion that way ourselves—that is, if we understand it—we *think* we have, anyway.

CIRCUS REMINISCENCES.

[The following communication, from one of the most experienced and trustworthy circus-managers of the past, but who is now quietly resting upon his well-earned laurels, contains some reminiscences that must prove interesting not only to members of that profession, but to all who have watched the growth of amusements generally in this country.—ED. CLIP.]

"THE BROADWAY CIRCUS."

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ., EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I was much interested in reading the article "A Noted Corner in Gotham," from the pen of Col. Thomas Picton, which appeared in THE CLIPPER of the 9th inst. One of the engravings—giving a perspective view of Broadway at that time—of which Col. Picton speaks, can now be seen at "Washington's Headquarters," Morristown, N. J. I can well remember the Broadway House—it was kept by Messrs. Peckwell & Batten. On the east corner of Broadway and Grand street John Colvin kept a livery stable; another well-known place, a door or two below Colvin's, was Jerry Terwilliger's boarding-house, with barroom and bowling-alleys attached; and a few doors from "Terwilliger's" stood the Broadway Circus. In 1816 Mr. James West brought to this country the first really first-class circus company that had ever been seen here. It consisted of both stage and ring performers, a splendid stud of horses, with wardrobe, trappings, etc. Not having a building prepared for opening on their arrival, Messrs. Simpson & Price engaged the company to produce equestrian spectacles in the Park Theatre. At the termination of this engagement, if I have been rightly informed, the west proceeded with the company to Philadelphia, and opened in a building where the Walnut-street Theatre now stands. I do not know the exact date of West's opening the Broadway Circus, but without doubt he was as well and favorably known in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington then, as the great P. T. Barnum is now. The circus became in 1823 such a formidable rival of the Park Theatre that Simpson & Price, in self-defense, bought all of West's circus property in this country, the price paid, I have understood, being $22,000. Mr. West, with his family, returned to England, and after a short retirement entered into partnership with that extraordinary equestrian genius Andrew Ducrow. Was first opened in the capital, Astley's Amphitheatre, London, was leased for a term of years, and its greatest glory and success were achieved during the partnership of Ducrow & West. Simpson & Price, immediately after their purchase, placed the gentlemanly and talented comedian Joe Cowell in the managerial chair. Stephen Price established his headquarters in London, and sent over George Blythe, equestrian director; also James Hunter, the first equestrian that ever rode a horse without saddle or bridle in an American circus. He was an excellent rope-dancer, and the first to perform the Polandric ladder here. Hunter was nearly perfect in form and feature, and his appearance created great enthusiasm. Then came James Stoker, the first slack-rope performer. George Beale, he first his life in making a balloon ascension in England, and father of the Gale Sisters who were burned in a Philadelphia theatre, was sent over to play the leading characters in the equestrian spectacles. Kirby, the stage clown and pantomimist, and Wilkinson, the great vaulter, equestrian and rope-dancer, also came over.

Mathew Buckley, of scientific education and a most accomplished artist in all branches of the profession, was principal clown at Astley's—he also was engaged by Mr. Price. Mr. Buckley has long been in retirement, and is now the oldest person living who was ever prominent in the profession in this country. The above-named persons, added to the company already organized, made the attraction very great. Col. Picton must remember two notable events occurring at this establishment, viz., the visit of Lafayette and the introduction of the champion of the turf, the famous horse Eclipse, after his victory over the renowned Southern horse Sir Henry. When James West opened the Broadway Circus it was the most attractive feature of that part of New York, his company being the best ever seen in America, and yet Col. Picton passes it over with the following notice: "A traveling circus located its home in a huge wooden amphitheatre, subsequently known as Tattersall's, almost beneath the new-born hostelrie's eaves."

The majority of writers for the press of late years seem inclined to disparage everything connected with the circus. Forty years ago the term "sawdust ring" was not used; a man appearing on horseback was an equestrian—now the term is "circus-rider." With the same propriety dress-circlers might be called "quill-driving" "penny-a-liners." How seldom one reads a newspaper notice of a performance in the circus without finding the stereotyped allusion to the "tights and spangles" and the "clown's stale jokes." Were the tights and spangles worn by Miss Charlotte Cushman, Ellen Tree, and other ladies in the theatre more sacred than those worn by ladies in the circus? The clown's jokes, if stale, must be well told to create such laughter; and they cannot be very stupid, or they would not be found so often in the "funny columns" of many of our prominent newspapers; even that very fashionable journal *Harper's Bazar* occasionally has jokes on its "funny page" that clowns told in the circus forty years ago. It is not true that all the jokes of the clown are stale. Many of these clowns spend hours daily laboring to produce novelties, and are always willing to pay writers for new jokes and stories; but, if they did not do so, it would be nothing less than those talented comed

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SCOTTISH REEL—WITH "PIPER" HEADSICK ACCOMPANIMENT.

By way of introducing the festivities this week, we will invite you to witness a genuine Scotch reel, performed by five native Scotchmen, expressly imported for the occasion. The music for this exhilarating dance is, as you will perceive, furnished by a piper; so that it might not be inappropriate to call it a reel with Piper Headsick accompaniment. [This may not be as sparkling as the wine referred to, but it is the best we can do.] To a person of sensitive nerves the average bagpipe is not a thing of joy; but, played under the circumstances here shown, it possesses rare virtues. The gay colors of the Highlander's costume give brightness to the scene, while the shrill music and graceful movements of the dancers satisfy alike the ear and eye. Why the reel should be always associated with the Scotch is not apparent. It is a fact, however, that, next to Bobby Burns and John Barleycorn, nothing is more strongly suggestive of the land of Scotia than is the dance which our friends are performing. Possibly the freedom with which Mr. Barleycorn is taken causes the Scotch people to reel in spite of themselves; although this is probably not the real explanation. It can truthfully be said, however, that such violent dancing makes hot Scotch.

YES, THE SUMMER ROSES WHISPER.

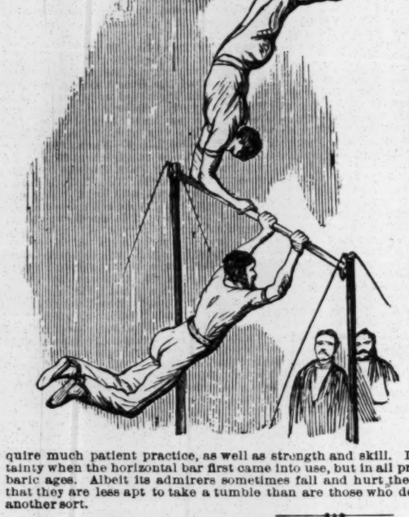
Answer to Arthur W. French's "Roses in the Churchyard Grow."

Yes, the Summer roses whisper
To our dear ones dead below;
As their tiny leaflets flutter
In the wind, they seem to know
That our "dearest hopes" lie centered
In the loved ones cold beneath,
And they murmur, softly murmur,
To our dead "our bitter grief."
Chorus.—Summer roses, ever fragrant,
Ever beauteous, fair and sweet,
Whisper gently all our love words
To the darlings at our feet.

Yes, the roses in the churchyard
Murmur softly, low and sweet,
Every tender word we've uttered
To the loved ones at our feet;
All our prayers and love and wishes
That we utter ere we go
Are imparted by the roses
To our "dearest dead" below.
Chorus.—Summer roses, ever fragrant,
Ever beauteous, fair and sweet,
Whisper gently all our love words
To the darlings at our feet.

"Cathedral Cemetery," Philadelphia, Nov., 1878. M. W. C.

ON THE HORIZONTAL BAR.



The horizontal bar is a pecular institution. In a general way, all bars may be said to be horizontal—so long, at all events, as a man is able to maintain his own perpendicular. But the particular bar which is especially qualified as horizontal is the bar here represented. The ambitious and athletic gentlemen presented to view are practicing for a first appearance in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. They are engaged just at present in the performance of a very difficult feat, technically known as the double giant's swing. It consists in grasping the bar with the hands and giving one's body sufficient impetus to describe a circle, with the bar for a centre and the performer's feet for a circumference. [This explanation may not be entirely clear to the unprofessional mind, but it has the advantage of being mathematical.] While one athlete is at the top of the bar, the other is under it, so that each follows the other without any prospect of catching up. You will observe the two gentlemen in the background, who are watching the performance with a critical eye. They are connoisseurs of all kinds of bar manipulations. We employ them at a large expense for the express purpose of getting their opinion of athletic feats. When the performers here introduced shall succeed in satisfying their critical watchers, there will really be no further need of their practicing at the bar. The tricks on the horizontal bar look to be simple enough when you see them done by others; but many of them really require much patient practice, as well as strength and skill. It is not known with any degree of certainty when the horizontal bar first came into use, but in all probability it dates back to the early barbaric ages. Albeit its admirers sometimes fall and hurt themselves, it may be set down as a rule that they are less apt to take a tumble than are those who devote their lives to leaning on bars of another sort.

"OWEN SLATTERY."

DEDICATED TO SHEEHAN AND JONES BY DAVID DILLON.

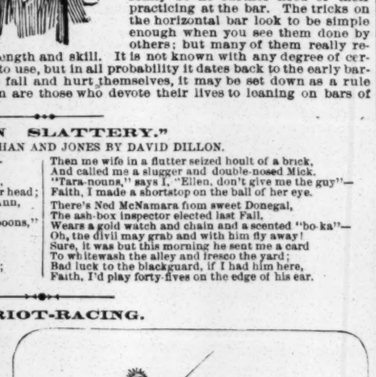
Oh, my name is Owen Slattery, a cobbler by trade—
By mending yer soles, faith, me money I've made;
I've a dear, darling wife, though her hair's very red,
And she sings "Tral, isl, loo," then she stands on her head;
Sure, it was but last night that me daughter, Kate Ann,
Invited to supper a handsome young man—
When I asked him his name, faith, he said it was "Spoons,"
Recommended by Barnum for juggling spittoons.

"My fine laddie buck," says I, "march out of here,
Or be the ghost of me uncle I'll bite off yer ear."
Sure, he made for the door with a lump on his skull;
Faith, he thought I was Ajax or else Sitting Bull.
Chicago, Ill.

Then me wife in a flutter seized hoult of a brick,
And called me a stagger and double-nosed Mick.
"Tara-nouns," says I, "Ellen, don't give me the guy"—
Faith, I made a shortstop on the ball of her eye.

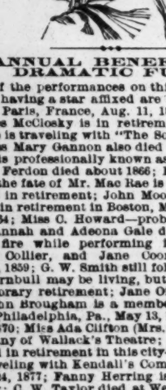
There's Ned McNamara from sweet Donegal,
The ash-box inspector elected last Fall.
Wears a gold watch and chain and a scented "bo-ka"—
Oh, the divil may grab and with him fly away!
Sure, it was but this morning he sent me a card
To whitewash the alley and freeze the yard;
Bad luck to the blackguard, if I had him here,
Faith, I'd play forty-fives on the edge of his ear.

CHARIOT-RACING.



With a classic "Hoop-la!" a snap of the whip and a flourish of the trumpets, the chariots dash into the arena for the final heat of the exciting race. The Romans knew a thing or two about sport, and it must be confessed that no other kind of contest is more exhilarating than the chariot race. Since the Hippodrome has been undergoing semi-annual transformations—becoming, in turn, everything from the tabernacle of the evangelist to the battle-ground of the muscular police—chariot-racing, we regret to observe, has died away. We have determined, therefore, to revive it. Regardless of expense, we have secured an exact model of a Roman chariot, together with a stud of Roman-bred horses, and—most remarkable of all—a number of Roman maidens, direct from Rome, N. Y. The races will form an interesting feature of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES, and the prizes will be awarded absolutely without favor—that is, each maiden will be enough of them for each of the maidens from Rome to get one. It may be remarked that in the earlier days of chariot-racing there was no law against pool-selling. Under similar conditions the sport might attain its old popularity.

THE BUD AMONG THE ROSES.



A bud among the roses
No thoughtful discloses
A heart that's light and soul that's bright
As heaven alone incloses!
Eyes soft and blue, cheeks carmine true,
With dewy lips like posies!
Oh, smile on me, my pretty, pretty face,
Sweet bud among the roses!

I know not how to render
To one so pure and tender
The homage due with which to sue
For hopes her smiles engender;
But, fond and free, I bend the knee
And willingly surrender!
Then come to me, my pretty, pretty lass,
Dear bud among the roses!

Oh, wait no coming morrow,
And fear no care or sorrow;
There is no stinger in Cupid's wing
Which loving hearts need borrow!
For tenderly will I love thee,
Heartsease for every sorrow!
Then be thou mine, my pretty, pretty dove,
Sweet bud among the roses!
Baltimore, 1878. PUCK ST. CLAIR

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL BENEFIT OF THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND.

We present a copy of the bill of the performances on this occasion. Among the numerous volunteers whose names appear, those having a star affixed are dead. Of those who took part in the performances, Mark Smith died in Paris, France, Aug. 11, 1874; A. H. (Dolly) Davenport died in New Orleans, La., Oct. 23, 1873; James McClosky is in retirement, being engaged in the Tax Office, in Brooklyn, L. I.; George Boniface is traveling with "The Soldier's Trust" Combination; Mrs. Vernon died in this city June 4, 1869; Miss Mary Gannon also died here Feb. 22, 1868; Ben Yates is now business manager for his wife, who is professionally known as Marie Zoe; Edwin Booth is at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, in this city; Mr. Perdon died about 1866; Horace Wall is in England, acting as business-manager for Mr. Sothern, the fate of Mr. Miss Bolsier (that is unknown to us; J. J. Prior died in Toledo, O., May 1, 1875; W. R. Denham is in retirement; John Moore still follows the profession; Miss Josephine Orton (Mrs. B. E. Woolf) is in retirement in Boston, Mass.; Mr. Bruce was probably J. M. Bruciani, who died here June 15, 1864; Miss C. Howard—probably Mrs. Harry Watkins, now in temporary retirement in this city; Hannah and Adeona Gale died in Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 15, 1861, by reason of their dresses taking fire while performing in the Continental Theatre; F. Chippendale, Charles Loveday, J. W. Collier, and Jane Coombs are still before the public; Mrs. Amelia Parker died here Oct. 28, 1869; G. F. Smith still follows his profession; Mlle. Lamoureux returned to Europe; Miss Julia Turnbull may be living, but nothing has been heard of her for some years; Mrs. H. Ryner is in temporary retirement; Jane Orton is in retirement; W. R. Blake died in Boston, Mass., April 22, 1863; John Brougham is a member of Wallack's Theatre Company in this city; Charles M. Walcot died in Philadelphia, Pa., May 13, 1868; John Sefton died here Sept. 19, 1868; J. W. Lingard died here July 6, 1870; Miss Ada Clifton (Mrs. Mollenhauer) is in retirement; Mrs. John Sefton is a member of the company of Wallack's Theatre; Mons. Zolloey still follows his profession; Augusta Rabineau is married and in retirement in this city—her sister Marie died in Alexandria, Va., Dec. 4, 1863; Harry Russell is traveling with Kendall's Comedy Company in the West; George L. Fox died in Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 24, 1877; Fanny Herring is before the public; Harry Watkins is in temporary retirement in this city; C. W. Taylor died at West Farms, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1874; Harry Jordan died in Chicago, Ill., Aug. 15, 1870; T. R. Duncan died in Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 26, 1865; H. Ryner is still before the public; Thomas Price died in Cambridge, Mass., May 30, 1863; A. Rieff Jr. is before the public.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL BENEFIT
IN AID OF THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND,
instituted for the purpose of making provision for sick, aged and infirm actors and actresses throughout the United States; also for the support of widows of deceased members and the education of their children.

PRESIDENT, MR. JAMES T. BRADY.

TRUSTEES:

MR. W. P. CHAPMAN. MR. J. PRESCOTT HALL,
MR. J. S. HOLBROOK, MR. J. GENIN,
MR. JOHN BROUGHAM.

will take place at THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC
ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT, AUG. 2, 1858,
when a festival performance on an unprecedented scale of grandeur will be presented, combining tragedy, comedy, spectacle, farce, melodrama, singing and dancing, illustrated by all the talent in the city not otherwise occupied.

In consequence of the extreme length of the programme, the doors will open at half-past five, to commence at half-past six o'clock.

The following ladies and gentlemen will appear:

Mr. Edwin Booth,	Mr. S. Eytinge,*	Mr. Mac Rae,
Mr. W. R. Blake,*	Mr. Martin,	Mr. H. Wall,
John Brougham,	Mr. H. Evans,	Mr. H. C. Jordan,*
Mr. Walcot,*	Mr. G. A. Beane,	Mlle. Louise Lamoureux,
Mr. Mark Smith,*	Mr. H. Russell,	Miss Jane Coombs,
Mr. S. W. Glenn,	Mr. Deering,	Mrs. C. Smith,*
Mr. J. Moore,	Mr. Foster,*	Mrs. A. Parker,*
Mr. W. Davidge,	Mr. Bruciani,*	Miss M. Gannon,*
Mr. W. Forbes,*	Mr. J. H. Friel,	Miss J. H. Allen,
Mr. n. De Bar,*	Mr. J. W. Lingard,*	Mrs. Forbes,*
A. H. Davenport,*	Mr. F. C. Wemyss,*	Mrs. Dunn,*
Mr. H. A. Perry,*	Mr. J. Jefferson,	Miss Ida Vernon,
Mr. J. H. Allen,	Mr. J. Byrne,	Miss Ada Clifton,
Mr. J. Herbert,*	Mr. J. P. Cooke,*	Miss H. Gale,*
Mr. G. Fox,*	Mr. W. Peterschen,*	Miss A. Gale,*
Mr. J. McClosky,	Mr. C. W. Taylor,*	Miss McClean,
Mr. J. B. Howe,	Mr. John Sefton,*	Miss Fanny Herring
Mr. S. Duffield,	Mr. N. B. Clarke,*	Miss Francis,
B. Yates and pupils,	Mr. J. Oxley,*	Miss Sergeant,
Mr. C. T. Smith,*	Mr. C. O. Hoyn,	Miss A. Cushman,
Mr. G. Boniface,	Mr. J. G. Burnett,*	Miss Ada Clifton,
Mr. Lingard,*	Mr. H. Watkins,	Miss J. Turnbull,
G. F. Marchant,*	Mr. J. Groevenor,*	Miss Hickman,
Mr. G. W. Smith,	Mr. Denvil,*	Miss Jackson,
Mr. R. Johnston,	Mr. Hadaway,	Mlle. Celeste,
Mr. Cranshaw,*	Mr. Denham,	Mrs. John Sefton,
Mr. T. Price,*	Mr. Lawson,	Miss A. Wallis,
Mr. P. Hoym,	Mr. McDonald,*	Mme. Lovarnay,
Mr. J. J. Prior,*	Mr. D. Anderson,	Mrs. Howard,
Mr. C. Walters,*	Mr. D. S. Howard,	Miss Henry,
Mr. F. S. Chanfrau,	Mr. Ferdon,*	Miss Orton,
Mr. Canoli,*	Mr. L. F. Barrett,	Miss Jane Orton,
	W. H. Bellamy,*	

with many others, whose names have not yet been given in.

The evening's entertainments will commence with a selection from Sheridan's comedy of THE RIVALS.

Sir Anthony Absolute	Mr. Mark Smith
Captain Absolute	Mr. A. H. Davenport
Acres	Mr. James McCloskey
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Mr. G. Boniface
Mrs. Malaprop	Mrs. Vernon
Lydia Languish	Miss Mary Gannon
FAS COMIQUE	Prof. Yates

To be followed by a selection from Sir E. L. Bulwer's play of

Cardinal Richelieu	E. Booth
Louis XIII	Mr. Ferdon
Duke of Orleans	Mr. H. Wall
Count Baradas	Mr. MacRae
Adrian de Maupras	Mr. Prior
Joseph	Mr. J. Moore
Arquebusiers	Messrs. Evans and Dailey
Julie de Mortemar	Miss C. Howard

RICHELIEU.

Sieur de Beringhen,	Mr. W. R. Denham
Francois	Miss Orton
Clermont	Mr. Bruce
Captain of the Guard,	Mr. Lawson

PAS DE QUATRE, by Miss Heckman, Miss H. Gale, Miss A. Gale and Miss Jackson.

After which a selection from James Sheridan Knowles's play of THE LOVE CHASE.

Sir William Fondlove,	Widow Green,
Wildrake	Mrs. H. P. Grattan
Mr. Chas. Loveday	Constance
Master Walker	Miss J. Coombs
Mr. Hamilton	Lydia
Truewortb	Mrs. Amelia Parker
Mr. Collier	Phebe
Miss Francis	

GAND PAS DE BOUQUET, by Mlle. Louise Lamoureux and Mr. G. W. Smith.

SONG, by Mme. Lovarnay

PAS BOHEMIENNE, by Miss Julia Turnbull

To be followed by a histrionic pageant with an allegorical introduction, written and arranged for this occasion by Mr. Brougham, to be called SHAKESPEARE'S DREAM.

CHARACTERS IN THE INTRODUCTION.

Chronos	J. Prior
Genius	Mrs. H. Ryner
Fame	Miss Orton
Sylphs, Spirits, Roseate Hours, etc., by an extensive corps de ballet.	

In the pageant and tableaux nearly all the ladies and gentlemen of the theatrical profession in the city will participate.

To be followed by Colman's celebrated musical comedy of THE REVIEW, OR THE WAGS OF WINDSOR.

Deputy Bull, on this occasion only	W. R. Blake
Looney McTwolter, with the song of "Oh, Whack,"	Mr. Brougham
Caleb Quotem, with the celebrated song of "I'm a Parish Clerk"	Mr. Walcot
John Lump (his first appearance in five years)	John Sefton
Capt. Beaugard, with song	James Dunn
Grace Gaylove	Miss A. Clifton
Dobbs	Mr. John Sefton

PAS DE TROIS ANGLAIS, OR THE HUNTER'S JIG, by Mons. J. B. Louis Zolloey and the sisters Augusta and Maria Rabineau.

After which the popular interlude of A PLEASANT NEIGHBOR.

Sir George Howard	H. Russell
Christopher Strop	G. L. Fox
Thomas	Mr. Bruce
Lady Howard	Miss A. Wallis
Nancy Strop	Miss F. Herring

THE METROPOLITAN, Professor Yates and Miss M. Henry

To conclude with the popular melodrama of THE DUMB GIRL OF GENOA.

Strappado	H. Watkins
Count Corvenia	Mr. Duncan
Pietro	C. W. Taylor
Desperata	H. Ryner
Jordan	Maladatto
Mr. Lanson	
Antonio	Mr. Ferdon
Julietta	Miss J. Turnbull

Stage-manager, J. Moore; Conductor of Band, A. Rieff Jr.
Prompter, T. Price; Treasurer, Mr. Tryon
Tickets (to be had at the Academy from 9 until 4), 50 cents; Amphitheatre, 25 cents.

BASEBALL.

MAPLE LEAF CLUB.

The Maple Leaf Club of Guelph, Canada, did not enter for the professional championship of 1878, but remained content with amateur honors. Their record for the season is as follows:

GAMES WON.

May 16, Iroquois of Markham, at Guelph	13	to 0
May 24, Clipper of Toronto, at Guelph	35	1
June 13, Picked Nine, at Guelph	23	1
June 14, Iroquois, at Markham	23	4
June 15, Clipper, at Toronto	20	7
June 20, Standard of Hamilton, at Hamilton	7	0
July 21, Brown of Harriston, at Harriston	16	3
Aug. 16, Active of Woodstock, at Guelph	10	3
Aug. 26, Atlantic of London, at Guelph	9	0
Totals	156	19

GAMES LOST.

June 18, Tecumseh of London, at Guelph	9	8
July 1, Star of Syracuse, at Guelph	10	6
July 13, Standard of Hamilton, at Guelph	2	1
Aug. 22, Active of Woodstock, at Woodstock	1	0
Aug. 23, Atlantic of London, at London	12	10
Totals	34	25

They were defeated by the professional Tecumsehs and the Atlantics of London, the latter employing a player expelled in the States for crooked play.

	FIELDING RECORD.			BATTING RECORD.			
	Games.	*PO.*	*A.*	*E.*	*Games.*	*PO.*	*BH.*
Hunter, c	13	109	32	19	13	64	23
Hood, 1st b	11	93	3	8	11	58	21
Smith, p., l. f	13	25	28	9	12	57	13
Watkins, s. s., 3d b	13	10	19	15	13	57	15
Bailey, p	7	8	55	2	7	27	6
Maddock, 2d b., c. f	12	29	9	9	12	55	16
Hewer, 2d b., s. s	13	18	38	9	13	57	15
Stapleton, l. f., c. f	13	8	5	6	13	57	15
Bickers, r. f	5	4	3	3	5	18	7
Reid, 3d b	8	19	13	7	8	40	19
Burgess, r. f	8	1	2	0	8	34	7

Neither the correct fielding nor batting averages are given in the record sent in. Fielding averages are determined from the total chances afforded and those accepted. To illustrate, instance an imaginary player's record. Opposite his name are 1,138 put-outs, 28 assists and 37 errors, which, added together, make the sum total of chances granted him, the acceptance and improvement of which would have insured perfect playing on his part. The 37 errors are the opportunities unimproved by him, and these failures, subtracted from the total chances, leave the number of chances made good 1,166. Dividing this number, 1,166, by the total, 1,203, we obtain the fielding average .969—that is, out of one hundred opportunities offered he accepted 96. The most generally used system for obtaining the batting average is as follows: The maximum is one, which could only be secured by the player hitting for a base or two at each time at the bat. To explain further, take another imaginary record. In 87 games the player had 381 opportunities to knock base-hits. Of those chances he accepted 111, therefore his average is reckoned by dividing 111 (the number of hits made) by 381 (the number of opportunities granted), and the result is .291.

THE BUFFALO CLUB.

This crack club has made a record in the field any team might be proud of. Below will be found their fielding and batting averages:

FIELDING.

	Players.		*Games.*	*Percentage of Chances Accepted.*	*Fielding Average for 1877.*
1	Libby, 1st b		109	.969	.960
2	McSorley	s. s	8	.950	
		3d b	4	.923	.860
		f	7	.700	
		p	3	.555	
3	Force	s. s	95	.948	
		2d b	3	.846	.903
		3d b	2	.750	
4	McGonigle	f	73	.932	
		p	17	.790	.830
		c	1	.636	
5	Fulmer, 2d b		107	.906	.896
6	Hornung, f		37	.904	.933
7	Eggler, f		110	.933	.870
8	Galvin	p	93	.885	.814
		c	7	.818	
9	Allen, 3d b		104	.849	.924
10	Mack	f	34	.839	.969
		s. s	8	.923	
11	Crowley	c	53	.700	.856
		f	31	.825	
12	Dolan	c	62	.776	.792
		f	21	.746	
	Average of team			.885	.869

BATTING.

Rank.	*Players.*	*Games Played.*	*Per cent. of Times at Bat on Single Hits.*	*Batting Av. 1877.*
1	Crowley	87	.291	.297
2	Mack	43	.278	.286
3	Force	100	.251	.237
4	Fulmer	107	.244	.227
5	Eggler	110	.239	.237
6	Allen	104	.229	.266
7	Libby	109	.228	.200
8	Hornung	37	.212	.290
9	McGonigle	93	.193	.240
10	Galvin	100	.185	.227
11	Dolan	83	.169	.227
12	McSorley	22	.141	.216
	Club averages		.226	.245

THE NEW BEDFORD CLUB.

The following record of the New Bedfords includes only those games where the players occupied their regular positions, with the exception of those who have only temporarily belonged to the nine.

	FIELDING RECORD.				BATTING RECORD.			
	Total No. Chances	*Per ct. Chances Accepted*	*Total Errors*	*Fielding Av. 1877.*	*Games*	*Total Hits*	*Batting Av. 1877.*
Mutrie, p	62	1.000	0		105	324	
Cory, 1st b., 2b	207	.952	11	.960	96	275	
Stovey, 1st b	927	.948	50		106	264	
O'Leary, l. f	14	.928	1		81	257	
Connor, 2b., 3b	108	.913	10		103	243	
Davis, 2d b	687	.887	78		96	218	
Mutrie, s. s	401	.871	52		10	213	
Reilly, r. f	842	.860	119		111	210	
Bradley,	694	.841	109		111	202	
Evans, r. f	205	.839	33		23	200	
Stone, l. f	203	.823	36		101	186	
Purtell, c	270	.822	37		102	182	
Piggott, 3d b	438	.804	86		11	179	
Gore, c. f	232	.797	47		11	174	
Watt, l. f., 1b	26	.769	6				

Base-hits made by opposing clubs—off Bradley, in 114 games, 757; average, 6.64. Off Mutrie, in 10 games, 50; average, 5.00.

The following players have signed for next season: Kent, p.; Riepp, c.; Stovey, 1b.; Briody, 2b.; Muldoon, 3b.; Stone, l. f.; Piggott, r. f.; Mutrie, manager and substitute. Mutrie is also able to play any position on the nine. Kent and Riepp are from the Alaskas of New York, and are promising young men. Briody, from the Haymakers of Troy, is a fine batsman and good fielder. Muldoon comes from the Albanys, and is a hard hitter and lively fielder. A short-stop, a captain and a centre-fielder are wanted, but the management is determined not to pay fancy salaries. An entertainment is to be given at an early date in Liberty Hall for the benefit of the club, and a series of concerts and lectures will be given this Winter under its auspicies.

THE HORNELL CLUB.

Following are the statistics of the Hornell Cub for 1878:

FIELDING RECORD.		BATTING RECORD.	
	Per ct. of Chances Accepted		*Per cent. of Hits. Games. to T. B.*
1. Clapp, 1st b	.946	1. Dunlap	65 .283
2. Critchley, p., c., t., s.	.904	2. Mansell	35 .277
3. Dunlap, 2b	.901	3. Burns	61 .256
4. Baker, c. f., c	.843	4. Derby	65 .254
5. Mansell, l. f	.830	5. Clapp	65 .246
6. Burns, 3d b	.816	6. Baker	61 .252
7. Dixon, s. s., 3d b	.809	7. Phillips	10 .219
8. Myers, l. f., s. s	.797	8. Myers	60 .190
9. Derby, r. f., p	.792	9. Critchley	65 .180
10. Keenan, c	.787	10. Keenan	62 .170
11. Philips, l. f., c. f	.667	11. Dixon	33 .107
Total and av'ge	.803	Total and av'ge	.225

The record of the Southern trip of the club is appended:

June 10, National, at Washington	8 to 3
June 11, National, at Washington	15 2
July 31, Welch, at Baltimore	3 2
Aug. 1, National, at Washington	5 4
Aug. 2, National, at Washington	4 3
Aug. 3, National, at Washington	6 3
Aug. 4, Baltimore, at Baltimore	3 2
Aug. 6, Athletic, at Philadelphia	3 2
Aug. 14, Tecumseh, at Bath	13 2

WEST-END vs. EAST-END.

The season was closed at Pennsylvania State College Nov. 12. Appended are the scores of two games played on the college grounds Oct. 26 and Nov. 12. It is expected that P. S. C. will have a strong team for next season. It is hoped that they will be able to cross bats with some of the leading colleges of the Keystone State.

EAST-END.	T. R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	WEST-END.	T. R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
J. Fulton, p.	2	2	2	2	4	Hamill, 3b	1	1	1	1	1
Edwards, c	5	1	1	2	0	Ebbs, c	5	0	0	11	1
R. Foster, 1b	5	1	2	6	2	Brunner, l. f	5	1	1	1	0
Eastwood, 3b	5	1	1	2	0	Davison, 2b	4	1	1	2	1
Gray, s. s	5	1	1	1	1	Volley, 1b	4	1	1	8	1
T. Fulton, c. f	4	2	3	2	0	Campbell, l. f	4	2	2	4	0
Spafford, r. f	4	1	1	3	2	Mitchell, r. f	4	3	3	1	0
Burket, l. f	4	0	1	1	0	Johns'b'h, c. f	4	0	1	2	0
McKee, c	4	0	1	6	0						
Totals	41	13	14	27	9	Totals	35	10	11	27	3

East end	1	0	3	0	3	2	0	2	0	12
West end	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	3

Runs earned—East-end, 3; West-end, 1. First base by errors—East, 4; West, 1. Umpire, W. K. Foster.

EAST-END.	T. R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	WEST-END.	T. R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
J. Fulton, p.	6	1	1	2	3	0	Davison, c.	6	1	2	10	1	2
Spafford, 1b.	6	1	1	2	0	2	Hamill, 3d b	5	0	1	5	1	1
Johns'b'h, 3b	5	1	1	3	2	1	Elder, c. f	5	2	3	1	0	0
Eastwood, s. s	5	3	3	6	0	1	Campbell, 1b	5	2	3	4	3	1
McKee, c	5	2	2	5	1	2	Wolley, p	6	1	1	4	2	2
H. Calder, l. f	6	0	0	1	0	0	Elliott, 2d b	4	0	1	2	0	2
T. Fulton, c. f	5	2	1	4	0	0	Geisler, l. f	4	1	1	0	0	0
Potter, r. f	4	4	0	2	1	0	J. Christie, r. f	4	1	1	1	1	1
Totals	48	10	12	27	8	7	Totals	45	6	14	27	9	9

East-end	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	0—10
West-end	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	2	1	0—6

Runs earned—East-end, 1; West-end, 2. First base by errors—East-end, 3. Umpire, G. W. Johnstonbaugh.

THE LIMA CLUB.

Below is the record of this strictly amateur organization, located at Lima, N. Y. The record is first-class for amateurs. That of J. Heath (Hornells, '77), Childs, Boehme, and Green, their new pitcher, will compare favorably with many professionals:

BATTING AND FIELDING RECORD.

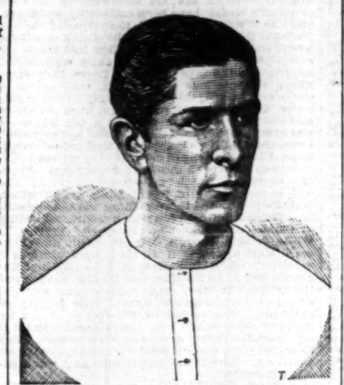
	Games Played.	*Times at Bat.*	*Total Runs.*	*Total Base-hits.*	*Per cent. of Base-hits to Times at Bat.*	*Total Put-outs.*	*Total Assists.*	*Total Errors.*	*Fielding Average.*
J. Heath, c	16	67	34	62	.414	142	53	31	.880
Childs, 3d b., 2d b	14	59	29	70	.414	34	39	22	.787
Boehme, 1st b	16	58	28	81	.345	134	3	19	.877
Chalin, s. s	16	71	22	77	.293	18	54	26	.696
Yorks, 2d b	13	59	16	63	.254	34	27	16	.772
Salmon, l. f	14	47	17	49	.351	13	4	6	.730
E. Heath, p	14	71	11	61	.180	2	94	27	.789
Egbert, r. f., 3d b	16	58	20	77	.260	9	8	10	.633
Chambers, c. f	14	51	11	61	.164	5	5	5	.615
W. Heath, c. f., 3d b	8	8	3	33	.090	8	7	4	.750
Green, p	3	7	4	14	.285	1	25	9	1.000
Wilson, l. f	2	2	1	2	.500	0	1	1	.500
Smith, 2d b	1	1	2	6	.333	2	2	0	1.000

Games played, 16; won, 11; lost, 5. Runs made by Limas, 185; by opponents, 97. Base-hits by Limas, 196; by opponents, 114.

THE PACIFIC BASEBALL CLUB have elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, J. T. Fay; vice-president, Henry C. Hincken; treasurer, John J. Carroll; secretary, T. O'Brien; captain, P. J. McMahon; board of directors—J. F. Brady, Thomas Shay, T. O'Brien; sergeant-at-arms, T. H. Carroll.

J. C. MOORE has abandoned the walking track for a time, and resumed the business of horse-trainer and jockey. He left Eatontown, Monmouth Co., N. J., Nov. 23, for New Orleans, having in charge a brother to Duke of Magenta, a cross-country racer imported from England last month, and other horses owned by Mr. Beale.

ATHLETIC.



J. W. CHRISTIE,

Australian Athlete.

We present a portrait of J. M. Christie, who for some years past has figured quite prominently in rowing, boxing and athletic circles generally in the Australian Colonies. When we first heard of him he was carded as "champion amateur sculler," and was proprietor of the Melbourne Gymnasium, having, we believe, succeeded Prof. Wm. Miller (well known to our readers) in the proprietorship thereof. At that time Abe Hicken was also teaching boxing and other physical exercises in the same city, and the professional rivalry existing between them ultimately led to the making of a match by which it was proposed to settle the disputed question concerning their relative ability as professors of the fistic art. They contended with gloves, half-minute time between rounds, wrestling barred, at the Princess' Theatre, Melbourne, Victoria, in January, 1877, the proceeds being applied to various charities. Christie had the advantage of his opponent in height and weight, and, though not so quick in delivery, put more steam into his blows, and a very even contest was waged through thirty-five rounds, when the police, apprehensive of trouble, put a stop to the combat. The men were about equally punished, and both were pretty well exhausted. After this the rivals entertained greater respect for each other, and for some time everything went along more smoothly than before. In the meantime Jim Mace arrived in Australia, and soon afterwards we heard that he was sparring nightly at John Wilson's Circus with Christie, the pair seemingly giving good satisfaction, though the latter was, of course, able to learn a lot from Mace. A quarrel in some way occurred between Christie and the brothers Thompson, who follow the occupation of bookmakers on the turf there, and are known as heavy bettors especially Joe, the one with whom the emeute more directly occurred. The brothers tried to get up a match between Hicken and Christie to fight without gloves, but mutual friends of the two prevented it. To settle the trouble, John Thompson, a bigger man every way than Christie, then agreed to fight the latter, and a match was made for £200 a side. They fought near Melbourne June 22, 1877, and Christie suffered defeat, after battling 24 minutes, 10 rounds being fought, and Christie receiving severe punishment. This was the latter's only appearance in the orthodox circle; but he has since figured in two sculling matches for the championship of the colony of Victoria, his opponent upon each occasion being C. A. Messenger, son of the ex-champion and well-known boat-builder of Teddington, Eng. Each race was for £100, and they were rowed on the Lower Yara June 1 and July 6 last, Messenger easily winning both. Christie is a North Briton, and was born Dec. 30, 1844, stands

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending DEC. 2, MONDAY, Nov. 25.

LADIES' LIST.

Anderson, Madam
Adair, Ada
Adams, Lucille
Audley, Oley
Anderson, Mary
Austin, Cora(gymnast)
Allen, Nellie B.
Brandon, Miss
Byron, Lizzie
Bryant, Nellie
Beaumont, Nellie (3)
Branscombe, Maude
Bell, Georgie 5c.
Boyd Sisters
Berger, Anna 7.(3) 25c.
Byron, Lizzie
Bertha, Ida (of Met. Thea., Louisville)
Bradley, Leanora
Bissell, Blanche 10c.
Caldwell, Mrs. Geo.
Crabtree, Lotta
Cowman, Mrs. D. W.
Chantran's Co., Agt. Mrs. F. S. 5c.
Carlton Sisters
De Bar, Blanche
Denier, Lydia (of Buffalo bill Co.)
Pace, Leonie
Ducios, Ninon
De Groat, Mrs. C.
Dixon, Blanche
Emmons, Julie (2) 3c.
Elliott, Lottie 12c.
Eastman, Addie
Ellis, Hattie
Emmet, Mrs. (vocalist)
Foy, Bertha & Ida
Fontainbleau, Blanche (2)
Foy, Bertha
Fraser, Robt.
Fallon, Lawrence P.
Ferguson, Robt.
Fowler, Harry
Felton, Jack
Fox, Chas. F.
Fulford, R.
Franckum, G. W.
Fiske, Minnie (vocalist)
Gilmore, Alice
Grayson, Helen
Glenn, Carrie (of Glenn Sisters)
Gray, Adrienne
Garnett, Mrs. Ida
Griffiths, Angie
Gilbert, Mrs. Kate
Gonzales, Mrs. V.
Greene, Annie L.
Gilday, Mrs. Chas.
Gleason, Alice
Gordon, Bessie
Hindes, Mrs. Josephine
Herbert, Florence
Inmace, Ada
Knight, Ada
LeGros, Mrs. Marie
Lucille, Fannie
Leigh, Miss (care of M. Leavitt)
Lizie, Rose
Lytton, Ethel (3c. Lytton, Kittie (actress)
Lee, Minnie (vocalist)
Lockwood, Ada
Love, Alile
Lancaster, Mrs. Annie
Marshall, May
McGill, Sadie (3)
Morasse, Ada (of Comique, Th., N.Y.)
May, Eda
Miranda, Lottie
Meinotte, Georgie
Markham, Pauline
Milvey, Lizzie
Morton, Jennie
Morgan, Jennie
Mansell, Mrs. Isabel (of Noonan, Mrs. Alice
Parker, Lizzie (late of Baltimore)
Pascoe, Marie (2)
Parker, Lizzie & Georgie
Plimsoll, Flora (care M. B. Leavitt)
Pomeroy, Louise
Parker, Lizzie (of Parker Sisters)(2)
Post, Mrs. E. M.
Raymond, Ida 5c.
Reignolds, Georgia (3)
Reynolds, Vic
Rosati, Conchita
Ransom, Alice
Raymond, May
Shaw, Mrs. Mary A.
Sargent, Lillie
Smithson, Georgina (2)
Scott-Siddons, Mrs. Siddons, Ida
Starr, Adele (of Starr Sisters)
Sisson, Rosa Lee.
Stuart, Maude (of Heath D'Eet's Co.)
Stellim, Mad. (of Sullivan's Co.)
Swain, Carrie
St. Clair, Eva
Sanford, Lou (vocalist)
Templeton, Fay
Von Hillern, Bertha
VonBerg, Miss
Wilson, Hattie (of Gd. Th., Cincinnati
Washington, Sadie (of U. T. Cab. Co.)
Warren, Minnie
Winston, Jennie (of Oates' Op. Co.)
Wren, Alice M.
Woodson, Isabel (of Janauschek's Co.)
Yeaman's, Lydia
Zolliella, Madam

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Archer, Geo. A.
Adams, Fred
Adams, J. (Agent of Higgin's Co.)
Aboot, J. W.
Alexander, W. B.
Anderson, Prof. (2)
Adams, Grimaldi
Avery, Matt
Andre, E. A. (2)
Alien, H. (late of Oates' Op. Co.)
Arold, Prof.
Avery & La Rue
Andrews, W. (of Cosmopol. Circus)
Archer, Chas. (pianist)
Ambrey, Robt. (2)
Adkins, W. A.
Alleyne, N. T. J.
Burke, John (of "Scout" Comb.)
Berry, G. W. (ventriloquist)
Booth, Brutus
Boyd, John
Boker, Jo (of R. Richmond's Co.)
Barker, Thos. F. (of Denier's Co.)
Burney, Master
Goodrich, E. T.
Boyd, J. A. (musician)
"Bill-Poster's Newspaper," 3d. Ed.
Brown, W. (of Bohemian Glass B.)
Berger Family, The
Boles, Tom (pianist)
Black, W. S.
Bowles, C. (of Campbell's Circus)
Barton, L. (of Robinson's Circus)
Baughman, Sam
Bragg, W. B.
Binney, F. (of Met. Thea., Newark)
Borst, W. H.
Berry & Rogers
Blanchard, H. (vocalist)
Bliss, Geo. (Leotard)
Backus, C. (of San F. Minst.)
Barry, Dave
Blackford, J. (of Black & Bye)
Brimmer, Bobbie
Bingham, J. W. (2)
Barton, J. (of Howe's Circus)
Bartley, C. W.
Bryan, A. L. (leader)
Benjimen, Prof. (of Haverly's Min.)
Carroll, Charles
Buffalo Bill's Co.)
Chappelle, W. J.
Conklin, Pete (clown)
Carter, J. H.
Coakley, Jas.
Canning, M. (of Howard's Ath. Co.)
Cole, W. W. (2)
Clarendon, Geo F.
Clifford, Ed. (of Thorne's Co.)
Cowles, M. B.
Carlton, F. (of Dup. & Ben. Min. 6c.
Cummings, Frank
Clark, Jas. W.
Collins, C. (of "North & South")
Curtis & Hall
Callender's Minstrels
Cotton, B. (of Cotton & Wagner)
Clarke, Kit
Clark, Gus Brooks
Crumley, R. (of Crum & DeForrest)
Clarke, Harry (manager)
Curtis, M. B.
Cassim, Jim
Colson, S. (of Cole's Circus)
Cordella & Victorelli
Clarke, W. H.
Charlton, Lew
Carlwarts, Eugene
Creston, W. H.
Carroll, C. F.
Cannon, Prof. (of Acad. Mus., Pittsburg)
Cook, L. E.
Clarke, H. (of Barlow & Clarke)
"California Tenor"
Clifton, F. R.
Dibolo, — (fire-eating)
Downie, Johnny
Donavin, L. K.
Duncan, A. L.
Daugle, Geo. J.
Davis, Chas. E.
Dolan & Leary
Dunnigan, Jas.
D'Arcy, Wm. G.
Dumont, Frank
Doris, John (of Albany)
Dillon, Jas. & Susie
Demott, Jas. (circular)
Denier, John
De Groat, C. P.
De rious, Geo. (2)
Dart & Bond, (2)
Eldridge, Chas. E.
Elvis, Thos. (trapeze artist, etc.)
Enos, G.
Emmet, J. K.
Fortescue, G. K.
Ferguson, R. V.
Forepaugh, Jr.
Favor & Shields
Franklin, Harry & Rose
Postelle, Chas.
French, Edwin
Gardner, C. (of Kenball's Co.)
Kelly, Dan
Kelly, Nolan
Kates, Geo. W. (4)
Knowles, F. (of Janauschek's Co.)
Kreba, Carl R.
Kaye, Jule
Kemble, C. W.
Leonzo & Ryan
Leland, Matt (2)
Lonpo, Robert
Lamkins, Harry G.
Lum, Frank
Lorella, J. C.
Lehman, Wm. (musician) (2)
Latham, M. W. A.
Lane, J. H.
La Forge, S. (2)
LeClair, Shed
Leavitt, A. J.
Lambert, B. (of Campbell's Circus)
Little Mack
Lang & Dollie
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Loonig, H. (of W. Minst.)
Levantine & Earle
Loder, Chas. A. & Mac
Ledger, F.
Leopold, Ed.
Lazarus, John
Lauhle, Ben
McAtee, J. D.
Michal, Wm.
Mantello, S. (Jugglerdeman)
Martin, Harry (manager)
Morris, C. (of Continental Th., London Eng.)
Melville, W. T
Morton, H. (late of Morton & Leavitt)
Marvin, Joseph
Murphy, Jos. (of Murphy's Co.)
Morton, Will H.
Mack & Hoey
Hayden, W. S.
Horton, Wardy
Hertzog, Daniel
Holloway, Jas. (p. g. in Stanley, Eng.)
Harris, Hamilton
Hennessey, J. (of Howe & Cushing Bros.)
Hunter, Jos.
Harris & C., H. King, John
Hanlon Bros.
Humes & Leo
Irving, Harry
Irving, P. H. (2)
Ignatius, —
Wallace-Villa Co.)
Irving, Harry
Johnson, C. W.
Jeffrey, J. H. (gymnast)
Jackson, Thos
Kent, C. (of Kendall's Co.)
Kelly, Dan
Kelly, Nolan
Kates, Geo. W. (4)
Knowles, F. (of Janauschek's Co.)
Kreba, Carl R.
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Kemble, C. W.
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Sharp, Sam
Lauhle, Ben
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
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Hunter, Jos.
Harris & C., H. King, John
Hanlon Bros.
Humes & Leo
Irving, Harry
Irving, P. H. (2)
Ignatius, —
Murphy & Mack
MacEvoy, Jos. L.
Morse, J. T.
Morriss, Chas.
Mackey, Dave (Dutch comic "biz")
Montague, G. A.
Metzee, F. (of Mettee Bros.)
Morehead, Frank (gymnast)
Morello Bros.)
Neuville, Mons. A.
Nasli, Dan
Oliver, J. A.
Orrin Bros.
O'Connor, Mike
Perry, Chas.
Parsons, Frank
Payson's Op. Co., Adv. Agent
Perry & Marshaw(2)
Price, Mark M.
Pettingill & Gale
Potter, W. J.
Pearman Bros.
Pale, Mr. (of London, Thea., N.Y.)
Queen, C. (of Queen & Bell) (2)
Quigley, J. F.
Roche, Jos.
Rolfe, L.
Rouse, L. (of Pastor's Co.)
Russell Bros.
Robinson, H. (of Robinson & Nichols)
Russell, R. (of Raymond's Comb.)
Rice, Col. J. H
Rutledge, Mr. (of Nat. Thea., Washington)
Raymond, J. T. (3)
Rice, Col. Dan
Richardson, C. (late of Kirally's Co.)
Ryan, Ned (of Yokes Garden)
Rogers, O. E. 6c.
Rice, Dan (late of Sydney, Aus.)
Rogers, N. (of Barry & Rogers)
Seymour, W. Howell (3)
Searle, Cyril
Sullivan & Curdy
Straight, Ned
Shannon, Mr. (of Murphy & Shannon)
Sells Bros.
Sickney, Robt. J.
Scott, Phillip G.
Stetson, E. T.
Smith, Jos. P. (manager)
Sparrow, H. (with Haverly)
Searles Bros.
Sanye, Chas.
Seymour, O. T. (of Robin. Minst.)
Sanford, J. L.
Stanwood, Ellis (with Cotton & Wagner
Sully, Dan
Standish, W. (of Janauschek's Co.)
Spiller, R. (of L. Pomeroy's Co.)
Sylvester & Everett
Swain, S. C.
Stevens, O'Dale
Stowe, W. H.
Stone, H. F.
Sands, E. (of Keating & Sands)
Spriggs, Harry (2)
Stansell, Geo.
Santom, W. H.
Thompson, John
Tanner, J. (of Anburgh's Cir.) 3c.
Tierney & Cronin
Turner, Dick
Taylor, Clarance Ward
Turner, W. D.
Taylor, Jas. (of Janauschek's Co. (2)
Thorne, H. (pantomimist)
Taylor, H. S.
Wilson, Harry
Wagner & Cotton's Agent
Wilson, Jas. (candy "biz")
Webber, H. (of Our Boarding House Co.)
Woodward, Nick (treasurer)
Wight, Ed. (comedian)
Webber, H. A.
Welch & Hughe's Minstrels, Manager
Wilson, G. (of W. Minst.)
Willis, Frank E.
Welch, Michael
Watson, Wm. (of Tony Pastor's Co.)
Welch, Fayette
Wood & West
Warfield, Tom
Wendt, Master (Dutch "biz")
Watkins, Harry
Wing, C.
Winnett, Thos. & Warner, John E.
Whettony, L. (of Londom Exp.)
Weston, Frank
Wiley, L. H.
Withered, G. (of Wither Bros.)
Welch, Jas.
Webster, W. (of Harerly's Minst.)
Woodvale, Jas.
Walsh, Geo. W.
Woodson, Harry
Williams, Jas.
Woods, Geo. W. ("bones")
Wild, J. (late of Olympic Th., N.Y.)
Yardley, A. C.

THERE ARE SIX LETTERS in the Hornellsville (N. Y.) Post-office for D. G. West, Agent of "The Wrecks."

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Nov. 25, '78.

Thanksgiving-week! All hail! Turkey on toast; chicken pot-pie, Boston style; pumpkin pie, and crullers! All these blessings are promised us for Thursday, Nov. 28, which day President Hayes has very considerately designated as the occasion for an expression of our deep sense of obligation for favors conferred upon us in the past, with an advance instalment of thanks for good things yet to come. Thanksgiving-day has grown into general favor of late years, the people everywhere vieing with one another in doing ample justice to the day we celebrate. Managers look forward to it with feelings of the deepest respect, and performers—well, it's not so welcome to the actor as it is to the manager, the former being called upon to do extra duty on that day, "without hope of reward or emolument." In fact, he is worse off than on other days, because he is denied the privilege of assisting at the partition of turkey, a three-masted schooner and brown-bread and mustard constituting his thanksgiving dinner. It is this that lessens our own enjoyment, and fills us with sad misgivings as we gaze upon the good things before us, and think of the half-famished actor wrestling with his frugal meal. We endeavor to arouse his spirits, at the close of the day, by giving him a general description of the banquet we have attended, and excite him to a high state of human interest by reading to him in a clear, strong voice the entire bills-of-fare in the elucidation of which we may have assisted, explaining the details of the menu, and showing, as near as it is possible to do so, the composition of the entrees and consommes that aid so materially in giving eclat to the set-out and gratification to the epicure; but we have invariably noticed at the close of our panegyric that the poor player fails to exhibit the same joy at our recital that we do ourselves. On former Thanksgiving occasions "Our Jim" was detailed by "Our Boarding-house" keeper to carry hot dinners to her actor-boarders while they awaited the rising of the curtain at the matinee; but there was ever a risk in this, the temptation being too great for the youth to withstand, and on several occasions he fell by the wayside through sheer exhaustion, necessitating the consumption of the provender ere he could gain sufficient strength to enable him to resume his journey; so, owing to the uncertainty of a connection being made, the custom has grown into disuse, and the lad is led into temptation no more. We find great pleasure in conversing with the backdoorkeeper on these festive occasions, and giving him a very fair understanding of the superior character of the dinners we have enjoyed, with a capital "rendition" of the various wines which harmonize best with the various dishes, never failing to speak in eloquent terms of the extraordry Verzenay and S. O. P., which help to garnish the general get-up and spread-out of the convivial board. But at such times the backdoorkeeper's evil disposition and envious feelings assert themselves, and we miss that genial smile and that heaven-born expression of countenance which are ever present with him in his travels through the lunch-route. Let us so conduct ourselves on Thanksgiving-day so as to elicit the heroic remark: "He was a good egg—take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again;" and so, at the close of the day, we may wrap our ulster around us, and tie down to pleasant dreams of the gone-but-not-forgotten persuasion..... Marie Roze, of all women, ought to devote the entire day to offering up thanks, for blessings fall upon her like manna upon the children of Israel in the wilderness. Intelligence has just reached us that Marie has come into possession of fifty thousand dollars, bequeathed to her by an uncle, a foreigner. This is much better than falling off a horse; but are not these Mapleosons giving us a little too much taffy for one season?..... It was a kindly act on the part of Marie Roze to visit the Auburn Prison and give the convicts a chance to hear her sing. Although most of her auditors occupied private boxes, they were not in the least stuck up or snobbish. On the other hand, they were cellous in their admiration and applause. They even sent her some original verses, which James had the bad taste to pronounce better than these of ours:

MUSIC'S CHARMS.

He stood within his prison cell,
A tear was in his cold, gray eye;
He heard the singer's rich voice swell,
And knew 'twas "Coming Through the Rye."
And then he muttered, while he nose
Shut in by many a cruel fetter:
"This 'Coming Through the Rye' is good,
But going through the Bourbon's better!"

..... Had B. Butler kept aloof from politics and all entangling alliances, as B. Macauley has done, he might have been elected, and become a shining light in the future of this great republic. The other B., Macauley—but not the great historian of that surname—is in the Quaker City this week, illustrating the beauties of his new play, which he is giving in "Sections."..... Barnum will close his season of horse-opera at Gilmore's Garden with the performances of the current week, the full time for which he engaged the garden then terminating. Let those who would see "The Greatest Show on Earth" embrace the present opportunity, else the genial showman will not be answerable for their future happiness..... A barber, who has made a good deal of money by shaving and otherwise interesting himself in the make-up of his theatrical customers, has become contrite and penitent, and now, as an atonement for his past misdeeds, he shaves his Thespian friends for ten cents each, throwing in as free-offerings bay-rum, invigorator, cosmetics, etc., and a schooner of beer, with intimation of a chromo should there be any expressions of dissatisfaction at the liberal terms of his new departure..... There are plenty of American dramatic authors, but it is difficult to get at them. Occasionally, one more bold and courageous than the rest emerges from his fastnesses and swoops down upon the unlucky manager like a flock of seventeen-year locusts upon a drowned herring. A New York dramatic agent recently received the following epistle from an author living in the wild and untutored oil-regions of Pennsylvania. Names of parties implicated are withheld as a guaranty of good faith, but otherwise the communication is printed just as it came to hand:

Dear Sir: I am informed that you want some manu script Play. I have finished a five act Temperance Romantic drama. It has four original scenes in it, one of them it placed on the stage properly, must be exceedingly beautiful. The representation of a Mill Wheel in motion, water (by machinery) and tranquil Water so arranged that the actor will be reflected into it and many other interesting points in this scene which I will not now attempt to describe. There is also two original scenes with horses. The Play if properly put on the stage will run a trifle longer than the lady of Lyons. There has but one critic seen my one. he now lives here, and is an old man, he says my Play is Powerful and the interest is kept up from beginning to end, and has all the elements into it of a first class Play. and he thinks it properly put on the stage will have a good run.

If you want to see my Play I will send it to you if you desire to see it. Respectfully,

P. S.—The Play differs from other Temperance Plays, there are no barroom scenes into it. There's no disgustin' drunken scenes. The characters when drunk inspire pity and lafter.

.....George Goodwin, manager of the Walnut-street Theatre, is in luck, and his face is a study just now. For two weeks his theatre has been "jammed" nightly, "Around the World in Eighty Days" being the magnet. We caught the genial face of Manager Goodwin on the night of Nov. 21, and there was an expression of calm resignation and serene happiness upon his countenance that we shall never forget. We gazed upon him so admiringly, and so ardently, and so sweetly, that an attache, probably suspicious of our real motives, very kindly suggested to us that they were two gentlemen "to let outside who wanted just now. It had a very depressing influence upon us, as you may imagine.... Some kindly fate has thrown an English paper under our eyes containing the announcement that Mr. Thomas Nown, a scene-painter in a Dublin theatre, was recently married to a London serio-comic singer. Assuredly this chance cannot be permitted to escape—grammatical speaking, we would let the opportunity pass. It is here that we get in our knowledge of etymology, syntax, and other things. Thus:

THE CASE OF NOWN.

The verb "to wed" has made of him
A plural Nown, you see;
The case was not objective when
He asked her his to be.
And by their love en-gender love,
All little Nowns be sent
To call forth imperfections and
To make their mood content!

.....Bad weather, coupled with the payment of five million and a half of dollars to Great Britain as our share of expense incurred in fishing-excursions in other waters than our own, seriously impeded the healthful progress of theatrical amusements in this city the past week; but the bloated and otherwise inflated bondholders will not permit such trifles to permanently interfere with their enjoyment, although they may abstain from going a-fishing again; so this week we may look for an improved condition of things theatrical..... At Chickering Hall, this week, there is a revival of Young's Night Thoughts, leastwise H. B. Young is giving a series of readings, music and tableaux. This must not be confounded with George Knight's thoughts at the Broadway Theatre. In fact, *every* manager has his own night thoughts just now..... "Our Jim" thinks that if the Williamsons' new play, to be produced this evening, is founded on fact, then there must be something wrong about the title, "Yu-lie." Jim does not favor anything that is calculated to create bad feeling, and he thinks some other title should be selected before "the trouble begins at 8."..... We don't mind telling you that just as soon as Patti's voice falls her, and she grows cranky and discordant, we may look for her here. We seem to keep a second-hand shop for the benefit of worn-out-lyric artists "from the conservatories of Europe."..... The "Uncle Tom" fever does not seem to have been killed by the multiplicity of "black frosts" they are having in England..... A pity it is that Charles Reade cannot attend the performance at Booth's to-night! That hornyhanded champion of those who delights to slash literary thieves would certainly be interested in another than his own version of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." If the drama is half as good as the story—and Philadelphia seems to think it is—we shall be satisfied. With low prices and a good company "The Lass" should do well. Let us encourage her with a few lines:

"THE LASS O' LOWRIE'S."
You'll find in Mrs. Burnett's book
(A nearly perfect novel),
That Joan has a roughish look,
And is a rare rebel;
But Marie Gordon, by a wise
And neat impersonation,
Will make *that lass so low rise*
Above all imitation!

.....The alleged project of building a monster theatre somewhere in the vicinity of Madison square has evidently been abandoned, sober second thought disclosing the fact that we already have more theatres than we can support..... Well, Jimmy, what is now? "I'm a committee." Who about? "To see if us boys is to get a whole or a half-day's Thanksgiving." What difference will it make to you boys? "Well, if it's a *whole* day, us boys want to study up a few more thanks. If it's only half-and-half, the old stock will do." [The Court takes the papers and reserves its decision.—ED.]..... Proprietors of menageries should now plan hippotamuses. Do not put too many in one hill, and let a rhinoceros be grafted in every third hill..... The audience at the Park Theatre on Saturday evening took their leave for the present of Lotta and "Musette," but Crane and Robson will endeavor to amuse it to-night. [The plot of this intricate conceit turns on the word "Musette." Guess you can make it out without further assistance.—ED.]..... And here we would remark, without having the least desire to influence public opinion against those comical comforters, it is highly probable that, should they fail to come up to expectations, or should they act so suicidally as to talk back to the critics, the public may feel it incumbent on them to take part in "The Hanging of the Crane." [This is merely done to get in a little point. We have nothing against Mr. Crane, financially or artistically; and we should be the last one to advocate the revival of a vigilance committee here in the interest of our friends who have just escaped from California. Mr. Crane has nothing to fear.—ED.]..... If Miss Cavendish knows by this time what the California critics think of her, she is to be credited with an acuteness of perception considerably finer than that of the critics themselves. [Rough on the critics, but no harm intended.—ED.] By way of throwing a little light on a dark subject, we will say to Miss Cavendish that we believe her to be —— but no. We will not express our opinion, but poetize her own:

WHY SHE OUGHT TO DRAW.

In tragedy or comedy,
Or yet in Mercy Merrick,
Miss Cavendish believes that she
Can draw like any derrick.
Indeed, she holds this as a law,
When critics would attack her:
A heroine must surely draw
With Cavendish to back 'er!

[The jewel lies here, and to get at it you will need to dig deep.—ED.]

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Carrie J., niece of Frank S. Chanfrau, was married at Long Branch, N. J., on the afternoon of Nov. 20, to Charles E. Conover of the firm of Wallace & Co., hardware merchants of this city. Mr. and Mrs. W. Henderson, Mrs. J. W. Albaugh and another sister of Maggie Mitchell were among the guests..... Mrs. Frances Freeland Broderip, widow of a country minister, and only daughter of Thomas Hood the poet, has just died in England, at the age of forty-eight years..... Locke Richardson, the Shakespearian scholar, is to give a series of Saturday and Wednesday morning recitals, in this city, beginning Dec. 7..... The will of Nathan A. Howes, circus proprietor, was presented to the Surrogate of Putnam County, at Carmel, N. Y., on Nov. 18. It distributes his estate, said to be worth $400,000, among his three sons and a daughter, after giving $1,000 apiece to his grandchildren. The latter, along with one great-grandchild, are contesting the will on the ground of undue influence, as well as of the testator's incapacity..... Adeline Stanhope's child, whose birth was recorded in our issue of two weeks ago, died in Manchester, Eng., Oct. 28. Will H. Caldecott, over fifty years ago the principal violinist in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, and afterwards musical director at the Adelphi, the Olympic and Astley's, died in England Nov. 7. While at Astley's he composed the celebrated "Statue Music" for Dumolo. He was seventy-eight years old..... The costumes worn by Mlle. Heilbron as Juliet, in the opera of "Amants de Verone," were so superb as to be the talk of all Paris. They were designed by Count Lagrie..... Eli Kursheedt, for about twenty years secretary of the Board of Directors of the Academy of Music, this city, last week sent in his formal resignation of that position. Differences of opinion as to the most judicious method of managing this costly temple of Thespis have induced Mr. K. to withdraw from it..... It is a familiar fact to our readers that Baby Benson has for some months been residing in Newport, R. I., after her tour around the world; but it has been known to but few of them that she has become a member of the Thomas-street M. E. Sunday-school of that place..... E. Sothern, as we intimated, will not rest as required by his physicians, when he writes, do not know how wiry is his constitution. He was to have resumed professional labors on Nov. 11 at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, for two weeks; Nov. 25, he is to open in Belfast, Ireland, and on Dec. 3 appears in Dublin..... After the performance there on the 7th inst. he will return to London, and thence start going to Italy for the Winter. In May, as he writes, he counts upon coming to this country, and upon salmon-fishing with W. J. Florence in the Canadian river they purchased some months ago..... Joseph Hollman turned the tables upon French & Son, in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the night of Nov. 21. He sold librettos inside of the Academy of Music, in spite of the protest of Colonel Mapleson, while French & Son were kept outside in the wet. It appears that, while French & Son have a contract with Mapleson to sell inside wherever his troupe appears, Hollman has a standing contract with the directors of the Brooklyn Academy..... The first lyric drama ever produced in Uruguay was brought out on Sept. 14 last at Montevideo, by Senor Tomaso Giribaldi. It is entitled "Parisina." Lord Byron's poem was set by Donizetti, and was produced in 1836 at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, with Grisi (Parisina), Rubini (Ugo), Morelli (Ernesto), and Tamburini (Azzo) in the cast. The Montevideans recalled Giribaldi twenty-three times; and yet there appears to have never been an encore. As a sequel to the recent concert given by Marie Litta in Bloomington, Ill., the citizens of that place have presented her mother with a dwelling-house..... Therese Elssler, sister of the renowned Fanny, and herself a dancer of note until about thirty years ago, has recently died, according to a cable dispatch of Nov. 20. Her age was about sixty-seven, and she was the widow of Prince Adalbert Pfeffel, Count of Prussia, having married him theatrically in 1851..... Adaptations from the French seem to be out of season in London. They are having a bad Fall. The latest is by Joseph Mackay and R. Grundy, and the Lord-chamberlain has refused to license it. Then, is his third refusal within eight weeks, the other proscribed authors being Arthur Matthison and Clement Scott..... Dr. Sackett of Chester, Ct., was busy with his family last Winter and Spring in the use of his entertainment of self is a violin composed of two thousand and fifty pieces of wood, most of those forming the inlay being but one-sixteenth of an inch square..... The season at the Princess, will begin Nov. 30 with "an entirely new and original drama"—nothing naughty from the French..... Miss Maggie Mitchell has adopted her brother's two children, doubly orphaned by the yellow-fever scourge in Memphis, Tenn..... The copyright and authorship of two songs in one of Vincent Wallace's operas are in question in a London court. Their authorship has been attributed to Edward Pirtball, but it is now proved by some that Alfred Bunn wrote them. They are no others than "Happy Moments" and "Scenes that are Brightest."..... Together with his solicitor, Mr. Baum (late proprietor of the Cremorne Gardens and manager of the Alhambra Theatre) was lately before a London police-court charged with fraud upon the creditors of Mr. B., as also with violations of the bankruptcy laws, and was lenient of a bill of exchange of £200..... The bellringers of St. Vincent de Paul, Havre, France, have become exorbitant. They are striking for an additional fifty francs a year..... A French acuress, Marguerite Duchesnay, and the manager of the Chatelet Theatre, Paris, for 5,000 francs for taking from her the part of Sathaniel, in the "Sept Chateaux du Diable." He claimed the right to do so, and said he was forced to it because he would depend on the regularity of her services. Verdict for the defendant..... One of the dailies of this city endeavored to bury Bob Hart, the ethiopian comedian, in Jersey City, N. Y. very early this morning. No. 2 will be sent to the sad printer. Before it published his obituary, they could not find his body. It seems to be thoroughly alive, and in this city, instead of in Jersey. The scribes also accused him of being a member of the N. Y. Lodge of Elks. This at least is untrue.

CITY SUMMARY.

AT TONY PASTOR'S J. W. McAndrews acted Cæsar in the opening sketch of "The Yankee Peddler;" later in the evening he gave his well-known specialty of "The Watermelon Man;" and in the closing piece of "Uncle Eph's Dream" he acted Uncle Eph Clawson. Raymond and Murphy in their Irish character specialties, introducing jig and reel dancing, were up to their accustomed standard of merit; Edwin Price's Yankee songs and sayings are now over acceptable, because his witticisms are constantly freshened by hits at local topics; John and Amy Tudor labored conscientiously to secure approval, which was not denied them, they giving a musical sketch, pedestal-dancing and a double-clog comet-dance; Lester, Allen, Tierney and Cronin, styled "The Four Aces," in addition to their customary songs and dances, gave a most ridiculously comical musical amusement in a trifling sketch entitled "The Hardback Family," prepared for them by Edwin French; Harry Bryant's vetriloquial dialogues and imitations proved as entertaining as ever; the Palmetto Quartet were advantageously heard in solos and choruses. In addition to these, the arrivals Nov. 18, Tony Pastor's budget of songs worked up and delivered by Sandy and Carrie Swain, continued their Ethiopian specialties, introducing a fresh act called "Wanted, a Partner," which proved diverting; Gus Williams in his Dutch songs and conversations had to respond to numerous encores; and Frank Bush continued his well-known imitations.

AT THE THEATRE, COMIQUE the fresh appearances Nov. 18 were Lulu Parola, serio-comic, recently reviewed here; John Allen, who made his reappearance upon the local stage after about one year's absence, and in his character impersonations and comical sayings renewed his former success; the Livingston Brothers and John Murtz in a horizontal-bar act, which aroused enthusiasm; Conway and Kerrigan, the former dancing jigs and reels to the music of the bagpipe played by the latter; and Tommy Turner's banjo-solos and witticisms, who reappeared after a short absence. In addition, John Shay and Billy Gray acted the principal characters in the sketch of "The Lion tamer;" John F. Sheridan and Alecia Jourdan repeated their musical act of "A Moonlight Flirtation," and A. W. Sawyer his performances on musical glasses; John Wild acted in "The Lawyer's Clerk;" and Harrigan and Hart played the chief parts in the closing sketch of "Sullivan's Christmas," revived.

"GOOD RHINE WINE," sung by H. W. Frillman; "Nancy Lee," by J. G. Russell; "Darling Little Prue," a song-and-dance by Johnson and Powers; "When 'Tis Moonlight," sung by Ricardo; and the sketch of "A Tough Night," with Billy Birch in the chief character, were the changes in the programme at the New Francisco Minstrels last week. Add Ryman continued his burlesque lecture on "The Labor Question;" George Thatcher continued his eccentricities, including "But the Girl Wouldn't Get Thee Gone;" and "Herald Personals" closed the show.

LOTTA CLOSED her engagement in the Park Theatre Nov. 23. "La Cigale" was acted for the last time Nov. 21, and "Musette" filled the bill on the 22. A life-size crayon portrait of Lotta in the second dress worn by her in "La Cigale," by Giovanni Bresson of Philadelphia, Pa., which was displayed in the vestibule of the theatre during the past week, attracted a deal of attention, and deservedly, as it is one of the finest specimens of that style of art we have ever had the pleasure of seeing.

THE NEW PLAY "Almost Life" is to be such a firm grasp upon popular favor that no change of programme is imminent at the Standard Theatre. An extra matinee was given Nov. 20. Manager Henderson is to be congratulated upon his good fortune, and it appears that he is likely to succeed in the management of this house.

ALICE WILLIAMS-HOWARD and George F. Devereaux, late of the Lingard Combination, performed in town Nov. 18. Mr. Lingard has reduced his company for his Southern tour, and will give his sketches for the first time there, in conjunction with farces.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON closed his engagement at Niblo's Garden Saturday night last, "Across the Continent" continuing the attraction.

ROBERT HELLER was in town during the past week. He is suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

THE RAINY WEATHER which prevailed nearly all of the past week did not materially affect the attendance at our places of public amusement.

AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN this week the company includes Mollie Williams, Kate Montrose, George Wood, Joe Hollings, John McVeigh, Frank Howard, Perry Brothers, Trainor and Mack, Johnny Mack, Carry and Griffin, the Burgesses and Sam Norman.

PENDY'S GAYETY THEATRE, Harlem, began its season Nov. 18, and a successful patronage has been the result during the past week, when John Pendy, George Dunbar, Mabel Pearl, Dick Gorman, Little Ellis, Sig. Bartalo, Andy Collum, E. L. Walton and Ed. Mills were among the attractions. Their card in another column gives quick account of their box-receipts, etc., during the week.

GEORGE ORRIN of the Orrin Brothers & Co., Havana managers, leaves for Cuba on Saturday, Nov. 30, in steamship City of Washington.

THE SPECIALTY COMPANY engaged for the Standard Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., by Col. T. Allston Brown and Harry Pratt, are announced in our San Francisco letter, left on Sunday evening, Nov 24, accompanied by Col. Brown. There was quite a large gathering of friends at the depot to see them off. At Chicago, on Tuesday morning, there will be a delegation from the B. P. O. Elks of that city at the depot to give them a good send-off.

CHARLES R. THORNE JR., owing to illness, was unable to play Fabrice in "Mother and Son" at the matinee on Saturday, George Clarke played that character for the first time. Mr. Thorne recovered sufficiently to play the part that night.

J. W. MACK, the director of amusements at the Cremor

OUR CUSTOMARY LETTER from Boston, Mass., dated Nov. 26, is as appended:

"The Exiles," last season's success at the Boston Theatre, was revived at that house 18, and was acted during the week to good business. The present cast differed from the first in these characters: Schelm, Henry Edwards; Count Wladimir, W. J. Barroughs; Prince Pierre, J. W. Hague; Mlle. Kadegy, Mrs. Thomas Barry; Countess Yetlana, Miss Anna Warren Story. Comparisons were inevitable, and the present performers were not a great way behind the original representatives, though each was judged, in a measure, by the excellent effect made by his or her predecessor. Henry Edwards' impersonation was brought more into direct comparison with Mr. Shewell's, and, while it lacked some of the finish of the latter actor, it was a work of subtlety, force and decided merit. Mr. Barroughs made a favorable impression, and, though his performance was somewhat lacking in ease and polish, it was still an earnest and painstaking rendition. Mr. Hague filled all the requirements of the Prince, and Mrs. Barry was wholly excellent in the varied scenes and emotions through which the heroine passes, while her costumes were both elegant and becoming. Miss Story gave more evidence of power than in her former assumption of Blair Simplice in "Cosette," and, while her action was sometimes mechanical, the whole impersonation was pleasing and effective. Louis James, D. J. Maginnis, C. Leslie Allen, M. Price, H. E. Chase, and T. Craven repeated their former successes as Max, Carcassin, Popoff, Colonel Falkine, Stanovoi and Ludoff, and were received with the enthusiasm that was created one year ago, while the remaining gentlemen of the cast were all commendable. The drama was mounted in the same elegant and careful manner, the conflagration being as realistic and effective, and the goat, dogs, reindeer and horses being as much at home as if no interruption had occurred in the representations. The drama bids fair to enjoy a lengthened term of prosperity, and will be continued for an indefinite time. The new comedy-drama "Won at Last," by J. Steele Mackaye, has been played for the first time in Boston at the Gaiety Theatre during the week ending 23, to only fair houses. It is not a bad play, by any means; the language is good, the plot not highly improbable—though its scenes could be located anywhere as well as in New England—and the manner of its acting by most of the principals would be no discredit to the metropolis; and why no more notice was taken of it by our playgoers is one of the things "no feller can find out." The Blanche Meda Combination, to whom its interpretation was entrusted, is composed of a coterie of artists most of whom are well known in Boston. Blanche Meda is yet too much of a novice to fully illustrate all the phases and emotions devolving upon the heroine, Grace Fleming; but the earnestness and care bestowed upon her work merited the attention and consideration shown by her audiences. Edward Arnott made his first appearance in Boston as John Fleming, hitherto played by Frank E. Aiken, and in it he displays experience, judgment and finish, as he only previously appeared to more than interested in watching the methods employed by the actor and his gradual development into a true and loving husband. C. W. Coulduck was very warmly greeted, and lent much to the humor and dash and dance to Professor Walter Lennox has not been seen in Boston for many years, and as Major Bunker furnished most of the mirth in a conscientious manner. J. R. Grismer, a new addition to the company, has played the role of Captain Will Tracy commendably, and J. C. Padgett, E. B. Holmes, J. B Livingston and Frank Goodwin appeared in the remaining male characters. Emily Deimar is also a decided acquisition, and, aided by her strong and natural acting made of the French adventuress, Sophie Bunker, a feature of the piece. The Misses Minnie Monk, Anita Harris and Ida Sinclair completed the list of ladies, and in their respective characters of Mrs. Tracy, Flora Fitzgiggle and Jane McCarthy were satisfactory. Manager Wentworth spared no pains in mounting the piece, and several new scenes were drawn which were very creditable. Under the pilotage of E. F. Lovell, who accompanies the combination during its New England tour, "Won at Last" will be played in Chelsea, Mass., 25, Lawrence 26, Lowell 27, Nashua, N. H., 28, Concord, N. H., 29, Brockton, Mass., 30, Lynn Dec. 2, Northampton 3, Hartford, Ct., 4, New Haven 5, 6. The next attraction at the Gaiety will be McDonough & Lamb's Combination, who open 23 with a company composed of J. E. McDonough, E. Lamb, Charles A. McManus, Nelson Decker, Thomas J. Hind, Robert Fulford, Walter Lamb, and the Misses Annie Pixley, Lydia Lewis and Lucy Jordan. J. S. Clarke's farce-comedy, "Sweet Lavender," and Tracy W. Titus' and his new English opera Combination are to be succeeding features. ....."Diplomacy" was given for the last time at the Boston Museum afternoon of 23, and on that evening Miss Clarke received a benefit, when "Divorce" was revived. Miss Clarke playing Catherine Ten Eyck and Mr. Warren reappearing as Templeton Pitt, before a crowded house. The first production in America of Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera "H. M. S. Pinafore," and the reproduction of the little comedy "Nine Points of the Law" will take place 25. ....The bad weather prevailing during the whole of the week materially affected the attendance at all our places of amusement. ....The Globe Theatre compliations seem about to be straightened out, as Nathaniel J. Bradlee, one of the land-owners, has served a notice on Mrs. Alice Harris of his intention to take possession of his portion of the theatre property for the non-fulfillment of certain conditions of the lease. Several parties are anxious to lease the theatre, and, as it is in good condition for immediate occupancy, an early opening may be looked for. John Stetson is ready to open the theatre, and it is more than likely that he will be the next lessee. The city ticket-holders are now out entirely, and their only mode of redress is to sue the Chesterfield estate for damages.....Extra matinee performances are to be given at all our places of amusement Thanksgiving day.....B. F. Tryon, ex-manager of Albion Museum, has on exhibition in this city a fine oil painting of San Miguel Falls, San Juan Mountains.....Thomas H. Burns, comedian, of this city, leaves 25 to join the Eliza Weathersby company in Chicago.....Odille Belle Wilson has become a member of Claxton's "Two Orphans" Combination.....Amy Lee, late of the Boston Museum, has engaged with Milton Nobles, and joins his troupe in Philadelphia 25.....Mr. and Mrs. Conway Adams, and company appear in the Gaiety Theatre in January.....The Elks will benefit by a performance at one of our theatres in January.....The Danites," with McKee Rankin, Kitty Blanchard and company, will be produced here Dec. 23.....D. D. Thompson will shortly reappear in Boston as Josiua Whitcomb.....J. R. Grismer has succeeded Edward Arnott as John Fleming in "Won at Last."....Benefit to Miss Athena, widow of F. F. Ford, will occur at the Gaiety Theatre afternoon of Dec. 19. Manager Wentworth having given the free use of the house for that purpose.....Mr. and Mrs. Indian Bob Combination have been sent to their reservation in the Indian Territory by Mr. Blanchett, the manager.....Saul, or the Witch of Endor," will be produced by Joseph Proctor at Music Hall Dec. 23.....Mr. Barlow's new play, entitled "Pizarro" for John McCullough, are in preparation at the Boston Theatre.....The Exiles," with the Boston Theatre scenery, animals and effects, will be transferred to the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, after the conclusion of its run here.....G. W. Floyd has joined Chas. H. Thayer's business staff. Thayer's Combination plays "Baby" in Haverhill, Mass. 27, Salem 28, Newburyport 29, Chelsea afternoon 30, and "I die Easy" evening of that date.....Anthony & Parsons' "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company appears in Pawtucket, R. I., 25, Woonsocket 26, Bristol 27, Newport 28, Taunton, Mass., 30.....The "Buffalo Bill" Combination play in Augusta, Me., 25, Lewiston 26, Bath 27, Lewiston 28, Concord, N. H., 29, Manchester 30,.....George Fawcett Rowe's Dickens Combination are to be at Portland, Me., 25, 26, Fall River, Mass., 28, Lynn 29, Salem 30, and several new acres are announced for Haverhill, Mass., 26, Lowell 27, 28, Dover, N. H., 29.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO CORRESPONDENT, writing under date of Nov. 16, sends us the following summary of things theatrical on the Pacific coast:

At Baldwin's the engagement of Clara Morris has proved to be the most fortunate one yet made by this management, and an almost unprecedented artistic triumph for the lady, whose success thus far has been much greater than her friends anticipated. "Miss Multon" was the attraction on the opening evening of the week, and the houses were crowded to overflowing. But the audience that gathered last night to witness "Camille" surpassed in numbers any that heretofore assembled in this theatre. Miss Morris will appear in "Article 47" and "The Eye of Providence," which bill will be rendered during the week. This evening May Hart will make her first appearance at this theatre in "The Lady of Lyons," and considerable curiosity is expressed to witness her conception of Pauline. To-morrow evening, 17, the courteous treasurer of this theatre, George R. Chipman, will benefit, and, as his friends are numerous, a crowded house may be looked for. "Arnold Robbery" will be produced 25, and Dec. 23, as a holiday attraction, the military spectacular play of "Not Guilty" will be given, under direction of Lewis Morrison. ....The next great attraction will be the Spice Island Surprise Party, who are playing to splendid business at the Standard Theatre, which has been entirely too small to accommodate its patrons. "Robinson Crusoe, Esq.," was the attraction last two weeks, and Mr. Kennedy was "Friday." Introduced 18, with augmented chorus and larger orchestra.

If Manager Kennedy can postpone the engagement of the variety company, whose opening date has been fixed for Christmas week, for four or five weeks, additional to the six originally contracted. The variety company referred to includes Harris and Carroll, Billy and Shannon, Scanlan and Cronin, Frank Bush, Eagle Jack Dawe, Kate Raymond and Armstrong, the Richmond Sisters and the Menzelli Sisters.....Through the unfortunate illness of Alice Oates and her consequent inability to appear, the business at the Grand Opera-house, in part of Le Duc Raoul until 14, when Alice Oates made her reappearance, much improved and refreshed by her enforced rest and quiet. 18 Lecoq's opera "La Aprolaine" will succeed "Nanon," and it is expected that it will bring business up to the successful standard which had, up to the time of Alice Oates' illness, marked the engagement. At the first sign of a lack of public appreciation "La Mascotte" will be revived, to be followed by "Trebizonde," "Le Sultan de Moca" and "Barbe Bleu" will follow in rapid succession. The Callender Georgia Minstrels will, this week, commence a long engagement at the California, which Company some time in January.....At the California, the Ada Cavendish Company has not proved so remuneratively successful as was expected. With the exception of the George Harris of Frank Lawlor, the Uncle Tom of Wade Adams, and the Casey of Marie Prescott, the cast failed to afford satisfaction. Voegtlin's magnificent scenery, notably the plantation and the apotheosis "Beautiful Gates Ajar," served to attract the public, and the opening night was given up to the price of admission. Ada Cavendish is announced to appear 18 as Mercy Merrick in "The New Magdalen," in which she will be supported by Frank Lawlor as Julian Gray, and Harry Hawk as Horace Holmcroft.

The manager of the Grand Opera-house stole a march on rival managers in the engagement of the Quou Sam York Company. Simon-pure Chinese male and female acrobats and pantomimists, who have not appeared at this theatre in four performances to a largely increased attendance. Their appearances and performance are unexceptional of a novel character, and must be seen to be appreciated, or rather comprehended. Their dresses and properties are really magnificent, with silk embroidery and gold fringe. It is the intention of Manager Hare to accompany them East, preparatory to giving performances in the Eastern cities. Mme Marie Duret's drama of "Jack Sheppard" is announced for performance 17, with the author as Jack and Harry Courtaine as Blueskin. "The Outcast of the Ganges" is being elaborately prepared for production during the holidays. Mme. Duret is "stage-manager at this theatre, in the absence of Mr. Bandmann, and her dramatic evolutions has made a hit, and, with Leach and McCarthy, Parker and Whelan, Watri Bros., Jeff De Angelis, Louise Somers, Emma Gilbert and Nettie Ennis, presents a taking programme of mirth and song and dance to the delight of visitors. "Temptation," introducing the "Jardin Mabille," will be presented 18.....The untiring Lipsis has presented an attractive bill during the week to the patrons of the Bella Union, the best feature of which has been difficult feats of the Valdis Twin Sisters. No new names are announced for immediate appearance.....The ushers of Baldwin's will benefit Dec. 1, and announce "Irish Dominos" and "Slasher and Crasher" as the bill for the occasion.....The fiftieth anniversary of the year of his debut will be the benefit of Walter Leman at the Grand Opera-house in the evening, when a crowd is expected. The Board of Brokers purchased $500 worth of tickets.....S. W. Piercy is in this city, waiting for something to turn up. He expected to be engaged as support to Miss Cavendish.....A leading lady is required at the California, and an engagement has been offered to Bella Pateman and Billie Wilton, both of which offers have been refused.....W. H. Fitzgerald and Mark Thall have secured the Australian magician Hamlock, and propose to give a series of entertainments at Pacific Hall.....P. H. Kirby will send a company of female minstrels for an extended tour through Australia, China and Japan, the organization to open Nov. 20 to appear in "The Little Duke" at the Boston Museum, although a report is in circulation that she is negotiating with Lotta for her repertory to produce in Australia.....Mr. Meagher will sever his connection with the Surprise Party, and will star in a new play called "L. L." (Lower Levels).....The Stuart Sisters and Flora Franks will make their first appearance with the Bella Union 25.....Alice Harrison declined the position of soubrette at the California .....Augusta Dargon closed a successful and profitable two weeks' engagement 16 at the New Market Theatre, Portland, Oregon. Frank Mayo will commence a brief engagement 18 at that theatre, in which he will be supported by Georgie Woodthorpe as leading lady.....The Hyer Sisters are under engagement to appear at Wood's Museum early next year.....Another $1.30 matinee at Baldwin's 16.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., the past week, John McCullough appeared in "Virginius," "Othello," "Damon and Pythias, "Hamlet" and "The Gladiator." At the Wednesday matinee he played Iago to Mr. Hardie's Othello, and at the Saturday matinee Hamlet. The stock company support was very good, except in the matter of supers. The business was only fair. He appears again this week, to be followed by the Williamsons on Dec. 2.....At the Court-square Theatre the Lindley Brothers are to appear in "The Streets of New York," "Heir-at-law" and "Jack Sheppard."....At the Academy of Music Mr. Boucicault is to appear in "The Shaughtraun" this week.

AT THE GRISWOLD OPERA-HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., Januauschek played in "Chesney Wold" Nov. 20 to a good house. She was lithographed and posted for "Mary Stuart," hence disappointment and grumbling on the part of not a few.....Mary Anderson opened 22 in "Evadne," 23 in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Ingomar"—all to large business, despite almost continuous rain. The plays were admirably rendered, and the impression made by the star was most favorable. Modjeska is billed 25 in "Camille," 26 in "Frou-Frou."..... Wallace Grant Combination 28, 29, 30, in "Rescue."..... Wilkinson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company played 23 to fair business.

THOMAS W. KEENE, supported by Henrietta Vaders and a company, under the management of John T. Ford, commenced an engagement of six nights and a matinee in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Nov. 18. "Richard III," "The Lady of Lyons," "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Camille" were produced during the week, the average attendance being only fair. Mr. Keene's rendition of his several roles was, with the exception of a few defects, satisfactory. Miss Vaders impressed the majority most favorably by her acting. The support was good. The company goes to Norfolk 25, and from there to Washington, D. C. ..... Katie Putnam and troupe are to play there Dec. 2, 3, 4, 5, Norfolk 5, 6, 7, Petersburg 9, Lynchburg 10, 11, Danville 12, 13, Greenboro, N. C., 16.

J. W. COLLIER'S "CELEBRATED CASE" PARTY was the best dramatic company seen in Detroit, Mich., this season. They began a week's engagement Nov. 18 at the Opera-house to a good attendance, which increased largely each night. The setting of the play was beautiful, and the acting gave entire satisfaction. Little Eva French as Adrienne in the prologue was marvelous. The Troubadours are booked 25, one week; Modjeska Dec. 12, 13, 14.....At the Grand Opera-house A. O. Miller presented for the first time his new play "Over the Hills to the Poor-house" to ordinary business. The company was poor. If the play were interpreted by better artists, it might be successful after the pruning-knife had been judiciously used. As Muzzle Mr. Miller scored a hit, while Mrs. Miller as the widow was good.

JOHN KILLAN, the Irish comedian, has secured from Dion Boucicault the sole right to perform "The Colleen Bawn," in which he appears as Myles-na-Coppaleen. He advertises that he can furnish the chief scenes. A lady is wanted to play Elly O'Connor.

THE COLVILLE FOLLY COMPANY play in Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 2, one week, Philadelphia 9, two weeks, and open in the Park Theatre, New York, 23.

GOOD ARTISTS are wanted to support Louise Pomeroy in her Western tour. Address John W. Edwards, as per card.

MUSICAL.

S. S. STEWART'S banjo music for amateurs and professionals and his banjos are advertised in this issue.

LEW JOHNSON'S JUBILEE COMPANY are to be in Omaha, Neb., Nov. 27, Plattsmouth 28, Fremont 29, Schuyler 30, Columbus 31, Hastings Dec. 1, Nebraska City 2, 3.

ARABELLA ROOT'S CONCERT COMPANY sang in Ithaca, N. Y., Nov. 20, Courtland 21, Lyons 22, Newark 23, Geneva 25, Wakon 26.

G. W. DIXON'S WESTERN MILITARY BAND, twenty-four instruments, will take the road early in the Spring with Anderson & Sells' Show. They can be addressed for the present as per card.

"TINY HANDS" and "Baby Feet" are the titles of two pretty songs now being sung by W. Raymond at the San Francisco Minstrels, this city. They can be obtained at T. B. Kelly's address, as advertised.

A FLUTE-PLAYER who performs alto or tenor in brass desires an engagement. See "A Traveler's" card.

A LIST OF FREDERICK BLUME'S recent publications can be found in his card elsewhere. Among them are Pratt's song-and-chorus "Only One Sweet Word," and songs by S. Kelly; also Dodworth's "Scout Dance."

THE DIME BANJO MUSIC COMPANY advertise their cheap music and books elsewhere.

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HAMILTON CORBETT, Scottish vocalist, sang at the Albert Hall, Toronto, Ont., Nov. 19, 20, 21, 22. The audiences were musically affected the attendance at all our places of amusement.....The Globe Theatre compliations seem about to be straightened out, as Nathaniel J. Bradlee, one of the land-owners, has served a notice on Mrs. Alice Harris of his intention to take possession of his portion of the theatre property for the non-fulfillment of certain conditions of the lease. Several parties are anxious to lease the theatre, and, as it is in good condition for immediate occupancy, an early opening may be looked for. John Stetson is ready to open the theatre, and it is more than likely that he will be the next lessee. The city ticket-holders are now out entirely, and their only mode of redress is to sue the Chesterfield estate for damages.....Extra matinee performances are to be given at all our places of amusement Thanksgiving day.....B. F. Tryon, ex-manager of Albion Museum, has on exhibition in this city a fine oil painting of San Miguel Falls, San Juan Mountains.....Thomas H. Burns, comedian, of this city, leaves 25 to join the Eliza Weathersby company in Chicago.....Odille Belle Wilson has become a member of Claxton's "Two Orphans" Combination.....Amy Lee, late of the Boston Museum, has engaged with Milton Nobles, and joins his troupe in Philadelphia 25.....Mr. and Mrs. Conway Adams, and company appear in the Gaiety Theatre in January.....The Elks will benefit by a performance at one of our theatres in January.....The Danites," with McKee Rankin, Kitty Blanchard and company, will be produced here Dec. 23.....D. D. Thompson will shortly reappear in Boston as Josiua Whitcomb.....J. R. Grismer has succeeded Edward Arnott as John Fleming in "Won at Last."....Benefit to Miss Athena, widow of F. F. Ford, will occur at the Gaiety Theatre afternoon of Dec. 19. Manager Wentworth having given the free use of the house for that purpose.....Mr. and Mrs. Indian Bob Combination have been sent to their reservation in the Indian Territory by Mr. Blanchett, the manager.....Saul, or the Witch of Endor," will be produced by Joseph Proctor at Music Hall Dec. 23.....Mr. Barlow's new play, entitled "Pizarro" for John McCullough, are in preparation at the Boston Theatre.....The Exiles," with the Boston Theatre scenery, animals and effects, will be transferred to the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, after the conclusion of its run here.....G. W. Floyd has joined Chas. H. Thayer's business staff. Thayer's Combination plays "Baby" in Haverhill, Mass. 27, Salem 28, Newburyport 29, Chelsea afternoon 30, and "I die Easy" evening of that date.....Anthony & Parsons' "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company appears in Pawtucket, R. I., 25, Woonsocket 26, Bristol 27, Newport 28, Taunton, Mass., 30.....The "Buffalo Bill" Combination play in Augusta, Me., 25, Lewiston 26, Bath 27, Lewiston 28, Concord, N. H., 29, Manchester 30,..... George Fawcett Rowe's Dickens Combination are to be at Portland, Me., 25, 26, Fall River, Mass., 28, Lynn 29, Salem 30, and several new acres are announced for Haverhill, Mass., 26, Lowell 27, 28, Dover, N. H., 29.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE play one week, beginning Nov. 25, in the Grand Opera-house, Detroit, Mich. The Rose Eaglish opera Company are booked Dec. 9, 10, 11, at the Detroit Opera-house.

HARDING'S new professional songs are advertised in this issue.

A PIANO-PLAYER is wanted by C. W. Wright, who requests W. Wood to write to him, as per card.

M. H. ALDERMAN, cornet-soloist, who can lead in brass band, and who is also a second-violin player and pianist and a composer and arranger of brass and orchestra music, advertises for an engagement.

EDMUND CLARK advertises choice banjos, guitar and violin music for sale.

ARABELLA ROOT'S CONCERT COMPANY are billed in Geneva, N. Y., Nov. 25, Waterloo 26, Phelps 27, Penn Yan 28, Bath 29, Corning 30, Addison Dec. 2, Hornellsville 3.

VARIETY HALLS.

VARIETY NOTES from Chicago, Ill., up to Nov. 23, are as under: "At the Academy a very fair business has been done, the attractions being Eloise Allen (also at the Metropolitan) in sentimental songs; Leonzo and Ryan, with dog Tiger, in 'The Irish Settler;' Barker and Reels in grotesque songs-and-dances; Ned Barry in comic songs; Lulu Delmay and H. R. Archer in 'The Music Lesson;' Howard Dorr and Son in gymnastic feats; and Fay and Gardner, supported by a company (T. J. Langdon being especially engaged), in Fay's new drama, 'Darby Doyle.' Closures with the week: Eloise Allen, Leonzo and Ryan, Barker and Reels, and Ned Barry.....At the Metropolitan, Fay, Gardner and company in 'Those Naughty Men;' Cincinnatus in songs-and-dances; Fanny Wood in songs; Prof. John Trill with his marionettes; Katie Howard in serio-comic songs; Scanlan and Cronin in 'O'Donovan's Victory;' Dick Rowe in a contortion act; Prof. Rhinehart and dogs; Neil and Eldridge in songs-and-dances; Barker and Reels, song-and-dance; and Mullen and Magee as 'Men of Nerve,' constituted the entertainment, to fair business. Closures 23: Cincinnatus, to Louisville; Scanlan and Cronin, San Francisco; Prof. John Fill, Cleveland; Neil and Eldridge, Milwaukee; Dick Rowe, Mullen and Magee, Detroit; Prof. Rhinehart, Indianapolis. Opening for both houses 25: Jennie Wade, Harry Bennett, Collins Brothers, Frank Bennett and Georgie Kaine, McIntyre and Manning, Mlle. Lisetta and Lewis Leemberg, Blanche Selwyn, Ben Gilfoil, Richmond Sisters. Prof. Martino and Gertie Florence did not appear as announced. Emmett & Perry have taken out Fay & Gardner's interest in the Metropolitan, they closing after the coming week. The week of Dec. 2, W. H. Smith, late with the Victoria Loftus Troupe, assumes the managerial reins there. Chas. Emmett has left the door at the Academy on account of ill-health, W. T. McComb succeeding him. Other changes make many friends with the San Francisco Minstrels, this city. They can be obtained at T. B. Kelly's address, as advertised.

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FROM CINCINNATI our correspondent writes Nov. 23: "A short but strong olio preceded the drama at Heuck's during the current week. It consisted of two turns, one of singing and one of dancing, by the four St. Felix Sisters, Harry Woodson's delineation of the aged darky, the songs and dances of Niles and Evans, and Irish songs by Harry Bennett. Departures: Niles and Evans, Pittsburg; and Harry Bennett, Chicago. The new olio people 25 are to be the Sharpleys and Maggie Gray.....Dan Mason, Teutonic comedian; Carrie Wentworth, a pert serio-comic; and Prof. H. M. Parker and troupe of trained canines, all good attractions, were the new specialists at the Coliseum 18. Departures: Allen Sisters, probably to Trimble's, Pittsburg; Minnie Rainforth and Prof. Parker, both to Detroit. Opening 25: Frank Bell, Dan Sully, Topack and Long, and Keating and Sands. Ella Hedin, singer and dancer; Joe Sheridan, double-voiced vocalist; De Orme and Devanny, song-and-dance; Ned Campbell, Tom Coleman, Eugene Gorman, Ruby Wood and Fanny Pierson, the latter five appearing in the drama of 'Jack Sheppard,' opened at the White House 18. Addie Johnson was the Jack Sheppard. Biz fair.....A combination under the name of Mlle. Franconi's Green-stocking Blondes has been the attraction at the Grand Central the current week to a fair business. The company, mostly made up here and managed by Charles A. Vincent, consisted of the Shellman Sisters, Lottie La Point, Mlle. Blanche, Lizzie Derious, Ella Arnold, Eva Bennett, Mlle. Violetta, Tommy Jefferson, Charley Carroll, Simlin and Ross, James Drew, Manning and Somerville, and the Holland Brothers. Biz good. The Shellmans, Mlle. Blanche, Ella Arnold, Eva Bennett, Lottie La Point, and Tommy Jefferson remain another week. Lizzie Derious goes to Louisville, and the rest, with others, play in Hamilton, O., next week under Mr. Vincent's management. Opening at the Grand Central 25: Fanny Douglass, Ella Golden, Carrie Boshell, Maude Nelson, Georgie Vincent, the Springers, Leonard and Moore, Charles Leslie, Hall and De Bar, and Billy Diamond.....Manager Morrissey and three of the performers at the Grand Central were arrested 21 for giving an indecent show. Their cases have been postponed to 26.....Nothing of interest concerning the small halls."

AT THE ARCADE GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the new faces Nov. 18 were Jennie Ward, J. H. Graham, Roselle, Hogan Brothers, Curly and Hogan, Alice Anderson and Belle Cushing, the first-named lady's character-changes being a noteworthy feature. The attendance continues large. Dilks and Wade, Ella Sheldon, Bryant and Manning, Blanche Carmen and Little Idalene open 25.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, the attendance was excellent during the week ending Nov. 23. John and Emma Whitney in comic and Jennie Parker and Frank Hearne in Irish specialties being the new arrivals. Blanche Fontainebleau, Nellie Germon, Williams and Sully, Sam Lang and Dollie Sharpe commence 25.

"LITTLE BOB" is back in the custody of Ben Dodge the impromptu singer, from whom he was taken some weeks ago on the complaint of his mother, who had abandoned him some years ago. The boy was temporarily placed in the Northern Home for Friendless Children, Philadelphia, the managers of that institution then deciding to indenture the boy to Mr. Dodge. The necessary papers were signed on Nov. 23. "Little Bob" is to be withdrawn from the stage, that being one of the conditions of the indenture.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Brooklyn, E. D., will be opened Nov. 25, for one week, by Pauline Markham's Burlesque Troupe and the following specialty artists: Lester, Allen, Tierney and Cronin, Viola Clifton, Emily and Pauline Ames, Emily Sylvester, Jessie Warner, Charles and Ella Jerome and Howard and Sanford.....The Scouts' Company opened and closed their season at the Adelphi on the 18th.

VARIETY ARTISTS with specialties, serio-comic and ballad-singers, and amateurs desiring to adopt the stage as a profession can secure engagements by addressing Davis & Co., as per advertisements.

BARRY & KENNELL'S COMBINATION commenced a one week's engagement at the New National, Philadelphia, Nov. 18, and, giving a remarkably fine variety entertainment, attracted the best attendance so far of the season, each and every act of the lengthy programme being greeted with liberal tokens of approval. Watts Phillips' military drama "Not Guilty" will be produced 25, and will be the attraction for Thanksgiving week.

BUSINESS at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., has been very good. On Nov. 18 came Healy, Conway and Ella Saunders, Virginia Ross and W. H. Brent. Francis Norton was to have opened also, but someone stole his stage trunk, with all his juggling apparatus and wardrobe; consequently he has been unable to refer to opening until 25, when the following also appear: Bid. C. France, Zegrino and Legab, Manchester and Jennings. The closing ones 23 were Lou Vavasour, Buffalo; W. H. Brent, Washington; Hennessy Bros., to join Whitmore & Clarke's Minstrels.....There is a rumor on the street that the Comique has been bought by parties from Chicago, and the report will be confirmed 25. The Opera-House Co. to that effect in a local paper is still not denied, and we suppose it to be true, although there is a diversity of opinion at headquarters. .....At the Coliseum the usual large attendance has prevailed all the week. The arrivals were: Barlow Brothers, song-and-dancers; Lillie Hall, serio-comic; the Sharpleys in musical specialities; the French Twin Sisters; John and Maggie Fielding; and Chas. L. Davis and Emma Vern in drama "Alvin Johnson," making a hit. Harry Thompson is still in the sick-list, improving slowly. Closing 23: The Fieldings, Buffalo; Sharpleys, Cincinnati; Eugene and Gaston, Coming 25: Capt. Joe Rainbolt and wife, the Claire Sisters, and Hattie and Bennie Grinnell.

MANAGER SMITH of the Metropolitan (late the Chicago) Theatre, Chicago, Ill., announces that good engagements can always be found at his house by artists of ability. He also desires to play good combinations. See card.

WILLIAM DALY of the Daly Brothers, during his engagement at the Volks' Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., the past week was presented by the management with an elegant cameo-ring, suitably inscribed, as a token of their appreciation of his ability as a comedian.

KREIS' VARIETY THEATRE, Lafayette, Ind., is open for the Winter under the management of Hiram Marks. First-class performers are advertised for.

AT THE CHURCH-STREET OPERA-HOUSE, New Haven, Ct., the departures Nov. 23 were Harry Montague, the Duncan Sisters, Huber and Allen, Wm. Nellie and Little Idalene. Nov. 25 opened Harry Shay, Josie Shay and James Dunning. Minnie Delange was re-engaged. Arrivals Nov. 25: Cummings and Hines, John Carle, Lizzie Byron, Conroy and Daly, and Melville and Leopold. Business is reported as good.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY OSBORNE are traveling with Delehanty & Hengler.

A good comic and motion-singer and serio-comic vocalists and fancy dancers are wanted at Harry Hill's Theatre. See card.

A PARTNER to do Irish, Dutch and Ethiopian sketch business is wanted by Kendrick, whose address is care of this office.

WILLIS PICKERT and Wm. Hayle, the two notable clog-dancers, have been engaged expressly for Hanigan's drama of "Logaire," now being given at the Theatre Comique, this city.

MAY WINANS, serio-comic vocalist, begins an engagement at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 2, and at Harry Miner's Theatre, this city, 9.

AT THE ATLANTIC GARDEN, Fort Wayne, Ind., there has been no changes in the company, excepting the departure of the Ifferd Sisters, who go to Milwaukee, Wis.

TOMMY TURNER, comic banjo-soloist, and Lulu Francis, serio-comic vocalist, who have just concluded a successful two weeks' engagement at the Theatre Comique, this city, can be addressed care of this office by managers desiring to engage them for combinations.

SERGEANT CAPELLE is now performing at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., where he is giving his lightning-drill act and military and frontier sensational performances. He can be addressed as per advertisement.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., Mamie Morro, Frankie Bigelow and Ned Murphy were the new faces Nov. 18, meeting with a hearty reception. Ned Murphy and J. E. Kline have doubled up, and will in the future make a specialty of Irish business. The Victoria Bros. are booked for 25. No departures. Business only moderate.

JENNIE HUGHES' Dramatic, Specialty and Burlesque Alliance, numbering thirty artists, will commence a starring season Dec. 16. In the repertory of Miss Hughes' plays "The French Spy" will be a prominent feature. A dancing-ballet will be among the attractions. For particulars address as per card.

BARRY & KENNELL'S COMBINATION, under the management of M. W. Hanley, have so far had an excellent season, and the company present an attractive programme, in which the performers mentioned in their card elsewhere take part. They are billed for Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 25, one week; Bridgeport, Ct., Dec. 2, New Haven 3, New London 4, Norwich 5, Providence, R. I., 6, 7, Boston to follow.

THE SHERWOOD SISTERS—Gracie, Florence and Baby Blanche—have been giving their songs, dances and vocal character sketches with success of great merit during their Canadian engagements. A card published elsewhere from Managers O'Brien & West of the Theatre Royal, Montreal, speaks in the highest terms of their specialties and handsome wardrobe.

"YANK" ADAMS, the finger-billiard expert, who has been so successful in his performances at the leading variety theatres, performs at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., this week; Washington, D. C., Cincinnati, O., Louisville, Ky., St. Louis, Mo., and Chicago, Ill., following. He returns to New York in the latter part of March. A reference to his card, published in this issue, gives the information that both managers and the press are endorsing his exhibition of skill and dexterity in the highest terms.

THE MURDOCHS are now in the fifth week of a successful engagement at Pittsburg, Pa. They can be addressed as per card.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMIQUE, Philadelphia, opened on Nov. 18, the following excellent company then appearing: Campbell and Burke in character changes; Bryant and Saville in their musical act; Miss Sylvester in ballads; Jennie Engle in serio-comic songs; La Font Brothers in acrobatic

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra. Single copies, 10 cents. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch. Department notices, double rates. Reading notices, 50 cents per line, the same notice to be inserted but once. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, $1 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 25 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 50 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor.
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC For 1879

will be published early in January. The popular features of the preceding editions of THE ALMANAC, such as the RECORD OF FASTEST TIME, THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES, Etc., will be retained in this, and, in response to numerous requests, we shall republish the THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES which appeared in the editions of 1874 and 1875, carefully revised and amplified. It will also contain interesting sketches, poems, etc., with choice illustrations, and a variety of other new matter, which, we confidently expect, will make it more popular with our readers than any Almanac we have yet published, and insure it a very large circulation.

ANOTHER MARKED IMPROVEMENT WILL BE A NEW LITHOGRAPHED COVER OF ARTISTIC DESIGN, AND PRINTED IN COLORS.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE ALMANAC FOR 1879

will now be received at the following rates:

FOR ONE PAGE, 7¼ BY 4½ INCHES... $40
FOR HALF A PAGE..... 20
FOR QUARTER OF A PAGE..... 10
FOR A SPACE OF 25 BY 31 EMS AGATE 5
FOR A SPACE OF 15 LINES AGATE.... 3
FOR A SPACE OF 10 LINES AGATE.... 2

Below is a specimen of a ten-line card, so that our readers can judge of the space and style:

THE NEWCOMERS,
FRESH AND BRIGHT,
THE MARVELOUS
Acrobats, Gymnasts and Balancers.
Permanent address care of CLIPPER office.

Please send in copy as early as convenient, and address all communications to
FRANK QUEEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or 88 and 90 Centre st., N. Y.

THEODORE LOHR,
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND STRINGS.
STORE AND FACTORY, 298 GRAND STREET.
Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings of the best quality, 60cts. per set; 15cts. apiece. My Extra Fine Banjo First Strings are the favorite of Professionals. First-class Banjo Heads, 50 and 75cts. Instruction Books for any instrument, 75cts. Steel Violin Strings, only 40cts. per set. Piano and Harding's 10ct. Music. Books, Strings and Banjo Heads sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price. Send money-order for amount ordered. Small sums in postage-stamps. 30-13t*

RICHMOND, VA., TO NORFOLK. Special Low rates offered to theatrical companies and others by the steamer Ariel, leaving Richmond, Va., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 A. M., arriving at Norfolk about 4 o'clock P. M., about two hours ahead of the cars from Richmond. This steamer passes through Butler's Famous Dutch Gap Canal, and in plain view of other important points made famous during the Civil War. Lower rates guaranteed by this line than by any other to Norfolk. Apply to L. B. TATUM, Supt., 905 Maine street, Richmond, Va. 26-13t*

MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN,
730, 732, 734, 736 Vine street,
PHILADELPHIA.
HARRY MILLER.....Proprietor
H. F. SEYMOUR.....Manager
OPEN THE YEAR AROUND.
Only first-class artists in all branches of the profession need apply. Silence a polite negative. 30-13t*

MADAME MICHELS PREPARES PUPILS FOR THE STAGE AND LECTURE HALL. Amateur performances superintended in town or country. 33 Lafayette place, New York. 30-13t*

TO GYMNASTS.—C. H. HAWLEY, No. 118 E. 14TH STREET, NEW YORK, maker of Gymnastic Apparatus, Horizontal Bar, steel centre, Leaping Bars of lancewood, and Chest Expanders. Gymnasiums fitted up, etc.
Send stamp for circular. 28-13t*

ACTORS' ORDER OF FRIENDSHIP
DRAMATIC BUREAU,
1,334 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.
For particulars send for circular.
38-tf JERRY TAYLOR, Agent.

MAGIC—MANUFACTURER of fine Magical Apparatus for Stage or Parlor; also Ventriloquial Figures, Juggling Tools, etc. Send 10c. for Catalogue. THOS. W. TOST, 35 North 9th st., Philadelphia, Pa. 34-13t*

THE MADISON HOUSE, NEW HAVEN, CT. Advance agents can make very low rates, with first-class accommodations. 34-13t*

MUSIC HALL,
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